★ May 29, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

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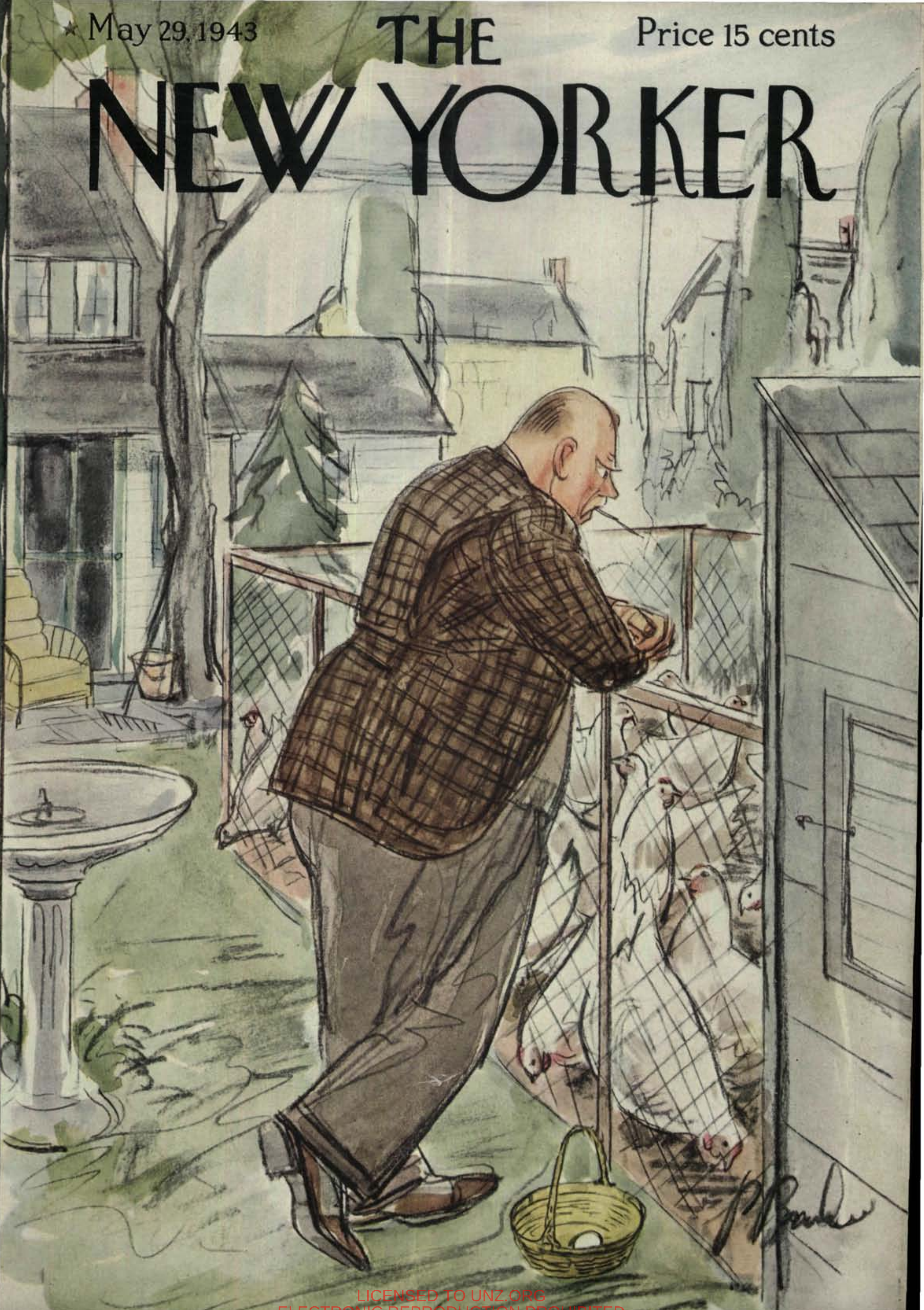

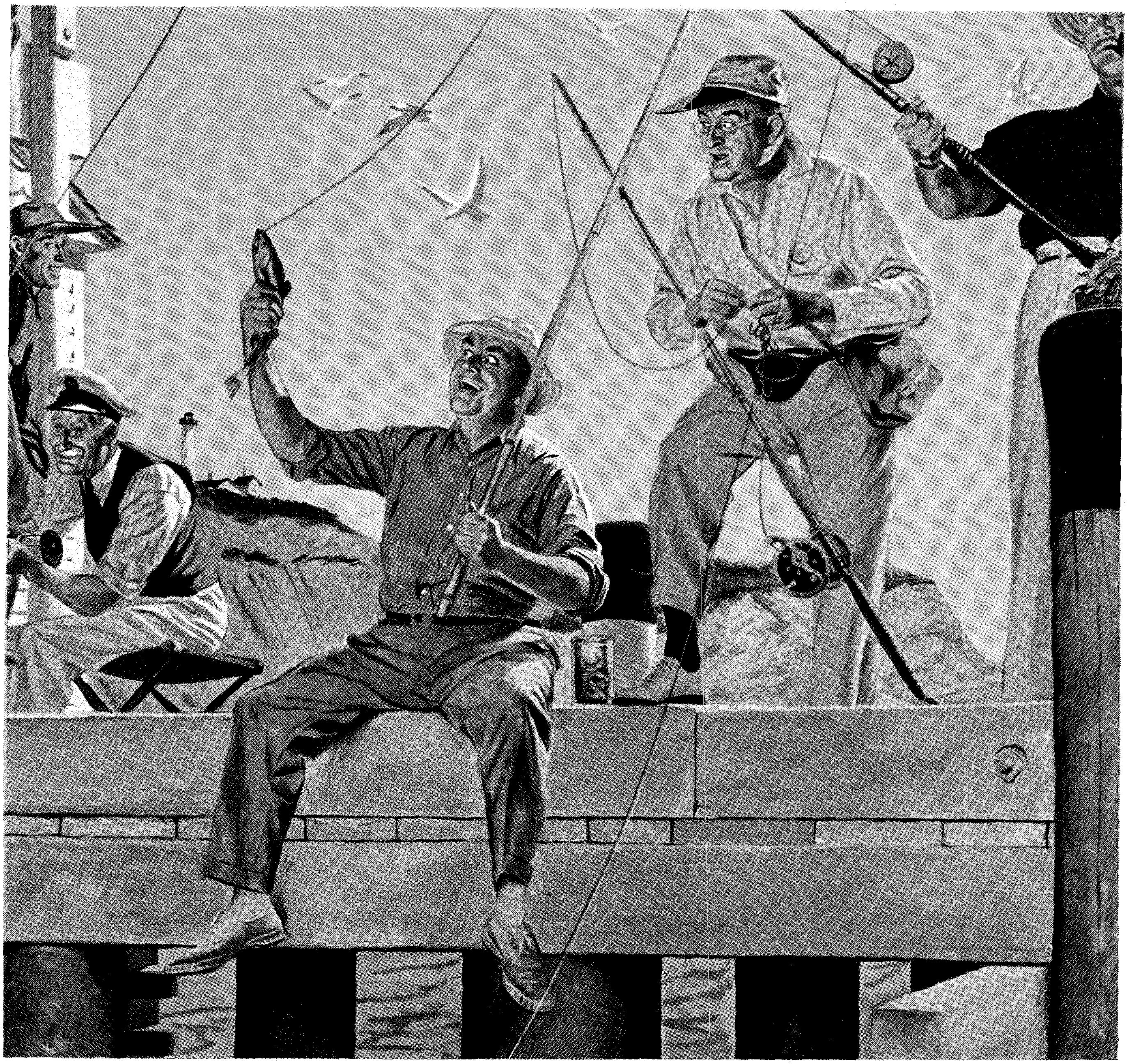

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 27, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 5.

THE THEATRE

(Next week, as indicated below, the regular mid-week-matinée schedule will be somewhat revised because of Memorial Day. There may be further changes, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Effie Shannon heads the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy, which is now in its third year. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except June 2, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., May 31, at 2:40.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's fine, effervescent comedy about the quick and the dead, very stylishly produced by John C. Wilson. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., June 5.)

The Corn Is Green—Ethel Barrymore back in Emlyn Williams' prize play about the education of a Welsh coal miner. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Counselor-at-Law—A revival of Elmer Rice's play concerning a shyster lawyer who has a heart of gold. Not as topical as it was in 1931, but still good enough entertainment. Paul Muni again heads the cast. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Dark Eyes—Probably you'll enjoy this comedy about three carefree Russian ladies who take over a Long Island household. The co-authors, Eugenie Leontovich and Elena Miramova, play a large part in all the uproar. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—A farce about present-day Washington that seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, and Doris Nolan are among the ladies who upset the government. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except June 2, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., May 31, at 2:40.)

The Eve of St. Mark—Maxwell Anderson deals with the tragedy on Bataan in an effective melodrama but a rather florid and sentimental play. Aline MacMahon and Mary Rolfe have leading rôles. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except June 2, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., May 31, at 2:40.)

Harriet—Helen Hayes magnificent as the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who, unfortunately, doesn't seem to have been a very interesting woman. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—A mild comedy, of interest only to people who always find adolescence fascinating. With Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Mon., May 31, at 2:40.)

Junior Miss—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories. Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan are excellent as two demon little girls. The adults include Barbara Robbins, Francesca Bruning, Alexander Kirkland, and Philip Ober. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Mon., May 31, at 2:40.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott comedy about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., May 31, at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book, is well over three years old. Harry Bannister and Muriel Kirkland play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Patriots—A biography of Thomas Jefferson between 1790 and 1800, best, perhaps, when the hero has written his own lines. A joint production of the Playwrights' Company and Rowland Stebbins, with a cast including Raymond Edward Johnson, House Jameson, Cecil Humphreys, and Madge Evans. Winner of the Drama Critics' award for the season's best play. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Skin of Our Teeth—Thornton Wilder's superb fantasy about a New Jersey family which survived the Ice Age, the Flood, and a couple of wars. There will be a change of cast on Mon., May 31, when the rôles played by Tallulah Bankhead and Fredric March will be taken over by Miriam Hopkins and Conrad Nagel. Winner of this year's Pulitzer Prize. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except June 2, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., May 31, at 2:40.)

Three's a Family—Practically all the girls have babies in this farce. Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth are heavily involved. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Tomorrow the World—What to do when you have a little Nazi in your home. An honest, if not always credible, attempt to solve a difficult postwar problem. With Skippy Homeier, Ralph Bellamy, and Shirley Booth. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Tues. at 8:55; other nights, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., May 31, at 2:40.)

Uncle Harry—A quite effective melodrama about a man who can't get arrested for murder. With Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., May 29.)

WITH MUSIC

By Jupiter—The Rodgers and Hart adaptation of "The Warrior's Husband," starring Ray Bolger. Ronald Graham and Benay Venuta also appear in this first-rate musical. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., except June 2, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Mon., May 31, at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. The cast includes Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, Alfred Drake, and Joseph Bul (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, exc Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2: special Mat. Mon., May 31, at 2:30.)

Something for the Boys—How Ethel Merman w the war by learning to receive radio progra with her teeth. Cole Porter wrote the music f this big, good-natured comedy, which also contai Allen Jenkins, Betty Bruce, and, through Mo May 31, Paula Laurence. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. W and Sat. at 2:35.)

Sons o' Fun—A blood brother to "Hellz-a-Poppin and just as strange. Olsen and Johnson have le the cast, but Frank Libuse and Joe Besser are st around. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightl except Tues., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. 2:30; special Mat. Mon., May 31, at 2:30.)

Star and Garter—Gypsy Rose Lee and Bobby Cla in a musical perhaps adequately defined by its titl Rough stuff, but intermittently pretty funny. (M sic Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Thurs at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Not the "Follies" as the Mast used to turn them out, but still big and occasio ally funny. Milton Berle leads the cast. (Wint Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, exce Tues., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:3 special Mat. Mon., May 31, at 2:35.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

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BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—"Coppelia," "Rodeo, and "Prince Igor," Thurs. Eve., May 27; "Chopi Concerto," "Scheherazade," "Le Beau Danube, and "The Blue Bird," Fri. Eve., May 28; "Cop pelia," "Rodeo," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Sat Aft., May 29; "Snow Maiden," "Rodeo," "Pas d Deux Classique," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Sat Eve., May 29. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6 5353. Eves. at 8:30. Mat. at 2:30.)

Dance Festival—Lotte Goslar and her Company Thurs., May 27; Charles Weidman, La Meri Valerie Bettis, and several others, Fri., May 28 at 8:30 P.M. (New School, 66 W. 12. GR 7-6221.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—One of those gardens with four walls and a roof, but it has a nice greenwood air just the same. Jules Lande's orchestra. Tea dancing daily.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo has settled down here, and there's also Mildred Bailey, the Golden Gate Quartet, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A fairly elaborate show, headed by Mary Jane Walsh, against a setting of palm trees that would surprise the average botanist. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still the place where the patrons stare at each other instead of at a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Agreeable and leisurely music by Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalvo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—A handsome spot, with a small show and Dick Gasparre's orchestra.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room, pleasantly sedate, offers Stanley Melba's orchestra and some entertainment. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde is packing them into the Persian Room, where the music is by Bob Grant's orchestra. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Larry Keyes' orchestra provides the dance music in this charming room.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—You'll find Joseph C. Smith's orchestra and Clemente's rumba band in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—One of the most popular canteens on the East Side. The names of the dance orchestras here are to be announced. Tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's orchestra is back again on the airy Starlight Roof, where Tito Guizar helps entertain the after-theatre trade. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**le ruban bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan

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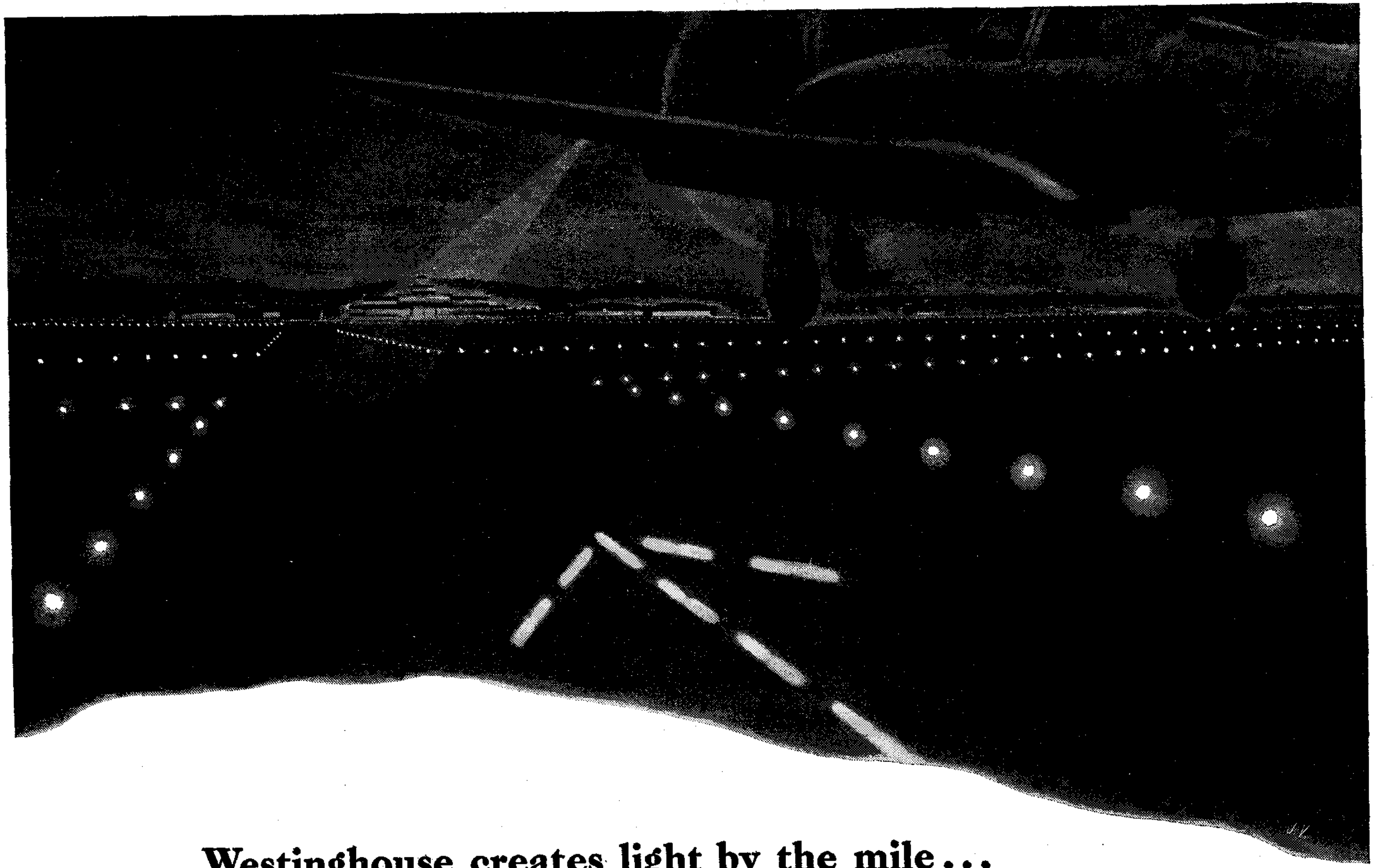

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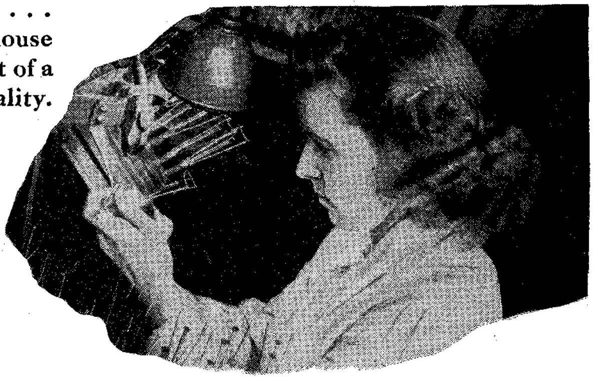

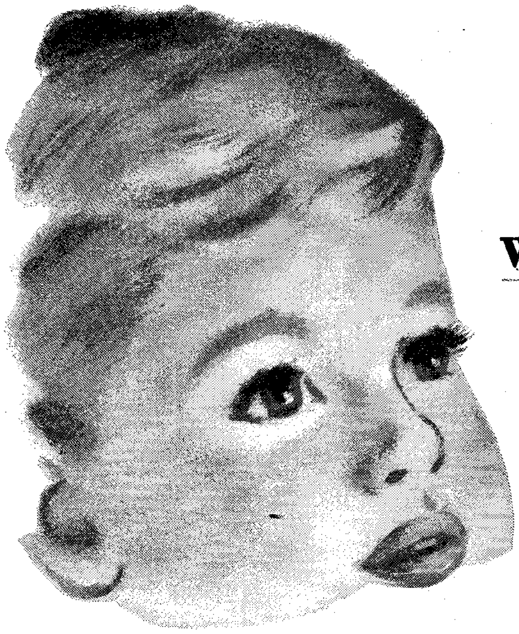

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 27, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 5.

is by no means the only competent entertainer here. . . . **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0629): a fairly new one you may have heard about, with Claude Alphand, the Revuers, and several more. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): among others, there's Spivy herself, singing those hearty songs. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): Libby Holman to listen to and the Lamotte murals to look at. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and the customers just relax in this big, softly lighted room. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the view of the Park should make you feel clandestine.

Miscellaneous—At the **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a large and lavish place, with a show which includes Charles Weidman; Val Olman's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the nicer small spots; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): you can almost reach from wall to wall, but there's still room for dancing; George Morris's orchestra. . . . **CASBAH**, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): dressed up to look like its namesake, although an Algerian might have trouble recognizing it; Don Maya's orchestra and a small show. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and cheerful, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and some other entertainers. . . . **RIOBAMBA**, 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): the show here includes a pickpocket; Roy Fox's orchestra and Chavez's rumba band. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Harry James' orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Jan Savitt's orchestra through Wed., June 2, when the room closes for the summer. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Barry Winton's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Jerry Wald's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of; no dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for folk songs by Richard Dyer-Bennett. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At the **HURRICANE**, B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington and his band provide the music, which should be all you need to know. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): this club will reopen on Fri., May 28, with a new Billy Rose show. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): the Folies-Bergère crossed with Loew's State in a revue that's colossal, at least. . . . **LA CONGA**, 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Carmen Amaya and her troupe, with Machito's rumba band—all in a tropical setting. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place, with a rumba band and a show.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): boogie-woogie headquarters, with Ammons and Johnson and Frankie Newton's orchestra presiding. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon, is playing in this downtown landmark. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): as unpretentious as its name, but there's the Clarence Profit Trio and Coleman Hawkins' orchestra.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed on Memorial Day.)

African Sculpture—A loan show of primitive figures: Fighting French Relief Committee Shop, 2 W. 57. Daily, including Memorial Day, 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 5.

American Landscapes—Paintings on this subject from 1750 to the present: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., May 28.

Carol Blanchard—Imaginative oils in her first New York showing: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., June 4.

Alexander Calder and Yves Tanguy—Wood-and-wire sculptures by the first, and recent oils by the second: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 5.

Julio de Diego—A Spanish-born artist shows new oils inspired by the war: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., May 28.

Max Ernst—Recent drawings and collages; also, ceramics by Catherine Yarrow: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 29.

Europeans—A new gallery opens with paintings of women by André Derain, Moïse Kisling, Marcel Vertès, and others: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 5.

Jean-Louis Forain—First one-man show of his oils in this country: Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 50. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 12.

Groups—At the **KLEEMANN**, 65 E. 57: oils by Jon Corbino, Eugene Higgins, Louis Bosa, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 29. . . . **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57: four Americans, George Constant, Joseph Foshko, Orenzo Gasparo, and James Lechay, show their recent oils. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 29. . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57; John Costigan, Thomas Eakins, Winslow Homer, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sun., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Sept. 15. . . . **MORTON**, 130 W. 57: Robert Blair, James Brockway, Gregory Ivy, and others in this gallery's group. Memorial Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 12. . . . **VALENTINE**, 55 E. 57: French and American figure paintings. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 12. . . . **WAKEFIELD**, 64 E. 55: small paintings and drawings by Saul Steinberg, Edward Melcarth, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through June 30.

Jacob Lawrence—A series of gouaches of Harlem life: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 29.

Reginald Marsh—Paintings by a New York artist in his first show in two years: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 29.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Prints and color reproductions of the work of Pieter Breughel the Elder (through August 28); also, American and British cartoons in an exhibition sponsored by the English-Speaking Union (through June 30). Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Henry Moore—One sculpture and some drawings and water colors by this English artist: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 29.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Big exhibition of Latin-American paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. and Memorial Day, 1 to 7 P.M.; through June 6.

Georgia O'Keeffe—Recent oils in her established style: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through June 19.

Old and Modern Masters—Over a hundred portraits by artists from the fifteenth through the nineteenth centuries, shown with modern headdresses suggested by the paintings; a benefit for the New York Infirmary for Women and Children: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 29.

Abraham Rattner—Recent paintings by this colorist: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 29.

Stark Young—This writer-artist exhibits his imaginative landscapes and flower paintings; a war-relief benefit: Friends of Greece, 52 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10:30 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., May 29.

Young Americans—Abstract works by painters and sculptors under thirty-five: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 26.

Here and There—At the **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57: landscapes and figure paintings by Rudolf Jacobi. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 29. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 5 Ave., at 55: twenty-six recent oils, mostly landscapes, by Eugen Ludins. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 29. . . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12: first showing in America of paintings by Enrico Donati. Mon. through Fri., including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Wed., June 2. . . . **CLAY CLUB**, 4 W. 8: carvings of animals, people, and insects by Cleo Hartwig. Mon. through Fri., including Memorial Day, 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through June 12. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: small sculptures and drawings by Herbert Ferber. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., June 4. . . . **ARTISTS'**, 43 W. 55: recent oils by Howard Passel. Daily 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sat., May 29. . . . **CARSTAIRS**, 11 E. 57: paintings of prewar France by Lucien Adrion. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 12. . . . **NORLYST**, 59 W. 56: paintings, gouaches, engravings, and drawings by Gabor Peterdi. Tues., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 14. . . . **BONESTELL**, 18 E. 57: recent oils by Joseph Solman. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 5.

Note—The semi-annual outdoor art exhibit in Washington Square will continue daily from 11 A.M. until dark through June 6.

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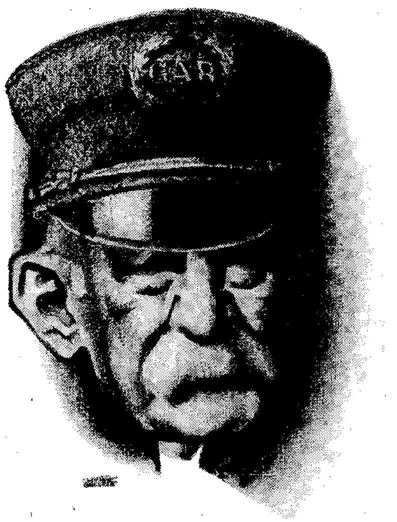


GEORGE COLLIER,

Grand Marshal of the Memorial Day Parade. He's the last G.A.R. man living in the Bronx. On June 7th he will be a hundred years old. He enlisted in the 12th New York Infantry eighty-three years ago, became a corporal, served under Sheridan, fought at Harpers Ferry and Gettysburg, and was captured and released in an exchange of prisoners. He has three great-grandsons in the present war.

MUSIC

New York Chamber Orchestra—Dean Dixon conducting; soloist, Rosalyn Tureck: Town Hall (BR 9-9447), Fri., May 28, at 8:45 P.M.

Philharmonic-Symphony—Howard Barlow conducting an all-Rachmaninoff program; soloists, Gladys Swarthout, Fritz Kreisler, Nathan Milstein, Eugene List, and Lawrence Tibbett; a benefit for the Armed Forces: Carnegie Hall (CI 7-7460), Tues., June 1, at 8:30 P.M.

Church Music Festival—The American Guild of Organists, assisted by several choirs, presenting a series of choral services and recitals: St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 111, Tues., June 1, at 5 P.M., and Fri., June 4, at 8 P.M.; Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 122, Tues., June 1, at 8 P.M.; St. Bartholomew's, Park at 50, Wed., June 2, at 5 P.M., and Thurs., June 3, at 8 P.M.; Pius X School of Music, Convent Ave. at 133, Wed., June 2, at 8:30 P.M.; St. Thomas', 5 Ave. at 53, Thurs., June 3, at 5 P.M.; St. George's, 207 E. 16, Fri., June 4, at 5 P.M.

Recital—Ray Lev and Alexander Kipnis: International Study Center, 1010 Park, at 85 (CI 7-5534), Thurs., June 3, at 8:30 P.M.

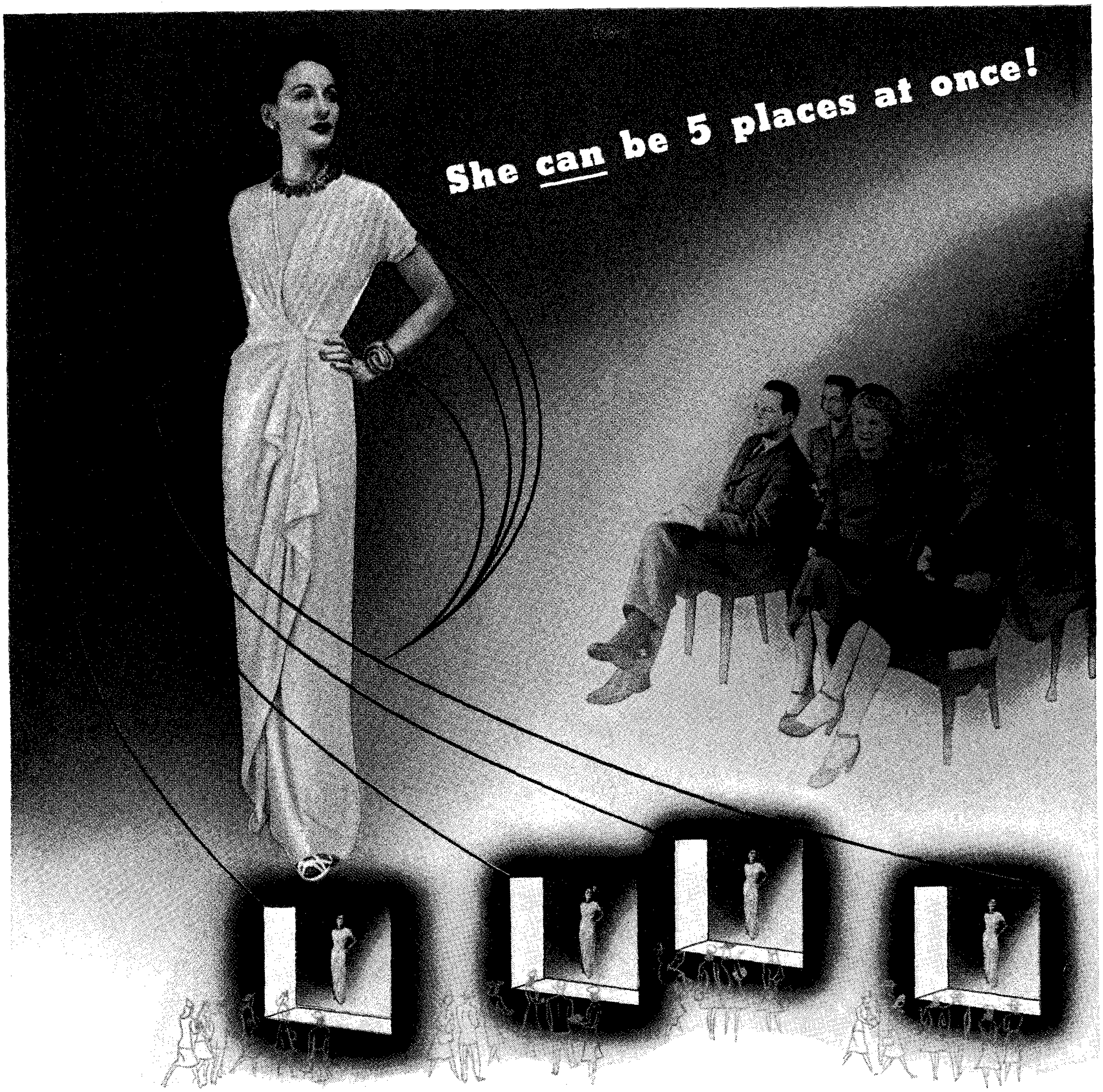
OPERA

San Carlo Opera Company—"La Bohème," Thurs. Eve., May 27; "Carmen," Fri. Eve., May 28, and Sat. Eve., June 5; "Faust," Sat. Aft., May 29, and Fri. Eve., June 4; "Il Trovatore," Sat. Eve., May 29; "La Traviata," Sun. Aft., May 30, and Sat. Aft., June 5; "Rigoletto," Sun. Eve., May 30; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Mon. Eve., May 31; "La Tosca," Tues. Eve., June 1; "Lohengrin," Wed. Eve., June 2; "Aïda," Thurs. Eve., June 3. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Eves. at 8:20. Mats. Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 3.)

Rosalinda—The Max Reinhardt version of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except June 2, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., May 31, at 2:40.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Detroit, Thurs. and Fri., May 27-28, at 3 P.M.; Yankees vs. Cleveland, Sat., May 29, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., May 30 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M.; Yankees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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM
THURSDAY, MAY 27, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 5.

vs. Chicago, Mon., May 31 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M., and Tues. and Wed., June 1-2, at 3 P.M.; Yankees vs. St. Louis, Thurs. and Fri., June 3-4, at 3 P.M., and Sat., June 5, at 2:30 P.M.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden: Chalky Wright vs. Phil Terranova, lightweights, 15 rounds, Fri., June 4. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M., main bout at 10.

Racing—Weekdays at Belmont Park at 1:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 5. (Roseben Handicap and Peter Pan Handicap, Sat., May 29; Suburban Handicap, Mon., May 31; the National Stallion and the Belmont, Sat., June 5.)

Yachting—Championship regattas on the Sound: Echo Bay Y.C., New Rochelle, N.Y., Sun., May 30; American Y.C., Rye, N.Y., Mon., May 31; at about 1 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of combat vehicles, artillery, small arms, and bombs, assembled by the Army, of the kinds being used by our forces overseas, as well as equipment captured from the enemy. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; through June 30. . . . ROCKEFELLER PLAZA: the second of a series of outdoor exhibits under the supervision of the Office of War Information, this one showing what America would be like under Axis domination. Daily, including Memorial Day, 9 A.M. to dusk; through July 4. . . . FREEDOM HOUSE, 32 E. 51: a collection of photographs, mostly unpublished, of bombings and other wartime scenes in Great Britain, along with maps and diagrams showing the development of the British Empire. Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 30.

On the Air—"This Is Official," second in a new series of government broadcasts, the speakers to be announced, Sun., May 30, at 1 P.M., WJZ. . . . Elmer Davis, speaking for the Office of War Information, Fri. Eves. at 10:45 P.M., WABC, WEAF, WJZ, and WQXR. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Sun., May 30, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Racing: from Belmont Park, Peter Pan Handicap, Sat., May 29; the Belmont, Sat., June 5; at 4:15 P.M., WABC, WEAF, WOR.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Paintings by such artists as Vlaminck, Laurencin, and Adrion; French eighteenth-century furniture; and objects of art; from the collections of Mrs. John King Reckford, the late Ida Evelina Bliss, and others: Thurs. and Fri., May 27-28, at 2 P.M. . . . Rare books from the libraries of Francis T. O'Keefe and others, and first editions of musical scores by Beethoven, Schubert, Mozart, Haydn, and Schumann, from the collection of Mrs. Annie Boch Walters: Wed., June 2, at 2 P.M. . . . Paintings, period furniture, Georgian silver, and other furnishings from the late Fred J. Fisher's yacht, Nakhoda: Fri., June 4, at 2 P.M.

Note—The Memorial Day Parade will start at Riverside Dr. and 72nd St., Mon., May 31, at 9 A.M. and proceed north to 96th St.

MOTION PICTURES

Action in the North Atlantic—Long but eventful tribute to the merchant marine, with Humphrey Bogart, Raymond Massey, and Ruth Gordon. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

Desert Victory—You probably get a better idea from this British documentary of how Montgomery went about chasing Rommel into Tunisia than if you'd been there. Best non-fiction film of this or any previous war. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., May 28. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., May 31. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., May 30-31. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. through Tues., May 30-June 1.)

Hangmen Also Die—Fancy guesswork as to what may have happened when Heydrich the Hangman was assassinated in Czechoslovakia. The cast includes Brian Donlevy, Walter Brennan, and Anna Lee. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., May 31. . . . State, B'way at 45; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., June 2.)

The Human Comedy—Written by William Saroyan with an overabundance of sentiment but with an abundance of good screen-writing, too. There are fine performances by Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan, Jack Jenkins, and others. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

Journey into Fear—Spooky enough adaptation by Orson Welles, and with Orson Welles, of Eric Ambler's novel about spies in the Near East. Also with Joseph Cotten and Dolores Del Rio. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; tentative, Sat. through Mon., May 29-31.)

Keeper of the Flame—Story of pretty epic proportions concerning a reporter who finds out the ugly political truth about a dead hero. Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., June 2. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., May 29-31. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., June 1-5. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Wed. through Fri., June 2-4.)

Mission to Moscow—Adaptation of Mr. Davies' book, worth attention on account of its ends, if not all of its means. The cast includes Walter Huston, Ann Harding, Oscar Homolka, and dozens more. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

The Moon Is Down—An improvement by Nunnally Johnson over the play by John Steinbeck. The cast includes Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Henry Travers, and Dorris Bowden. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., June 2.)

The More the Merrier—Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn meet up with one another in the Washington hurly-burly, with droll consequences. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

Saludos Amigos—A colorful, forty-five-minute Disney, featuring Donald Duck and others in South America. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Mon., May 31.)

The Young Mr. Pitt—Isolationism, economic problems, and some fine flights of rhetoric in England under Pitt the Younger. With Robert Donat and Robert Morley. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs., May 27. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sun., May 30. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Tues., May 29-June 1. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Thurs., June 1-3.)

REVIVALS

Arise, My Love (1940)—Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, and the early days of the war. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., May 27.)

The Forgotten Village (1941)—John Steinbeck's semi-documentary film about a Mexican hamlet. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., June 1-3.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—Robert Donat in a René Clair film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

H. M. Pulham, Esq. (1941)—The John P. Marquand novel of Back Bay and Beacon Hill. Hedy Lamarr, Ruth Hussey, and Robert Young. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., May 27.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—"The Front Page" warmed over. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., May 27.)

The Life and Loves of Beethoven (1937)—A serious biographical study, with Harry Baur. In French. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., May 29-June 1.)

Pearls of the Crown (1938)—Sacha Guitry's tricky sketch of some famous pearls. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Thurs., May 27.)

Pépé le Moko (1941)—The French version of life in the Kasbah. With Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., June 1-3.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

They Were Five (1938)—About a lottery and a country inn. In French, with Jean Gabin. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Sun. and Mon., May 30-31.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Hitchcock excitement. Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., May 27.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—THURS., MAY 27: "Double Crime in the Maginot Line" (1939), in French. FRI. AND SAT., MAY 28-29: episodes from serial films (1915, 1938, 1941). FROM SUN., MAY 30: a selection of short musical films with such artists as José Iturbi, Emanuel Feuermann, and Vitya Vronsky and Victor Babin.

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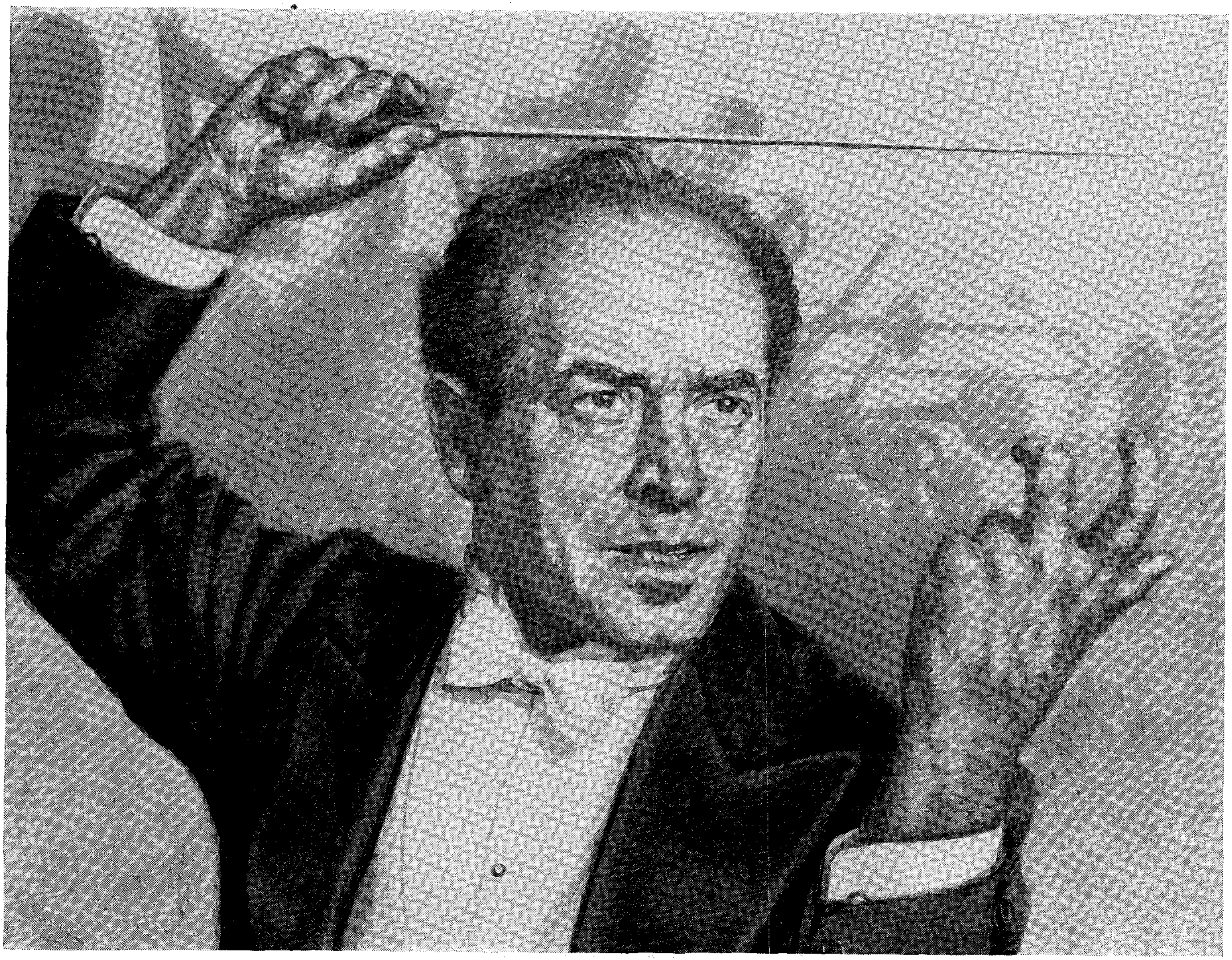

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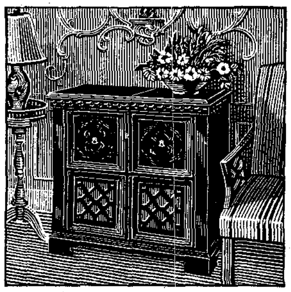

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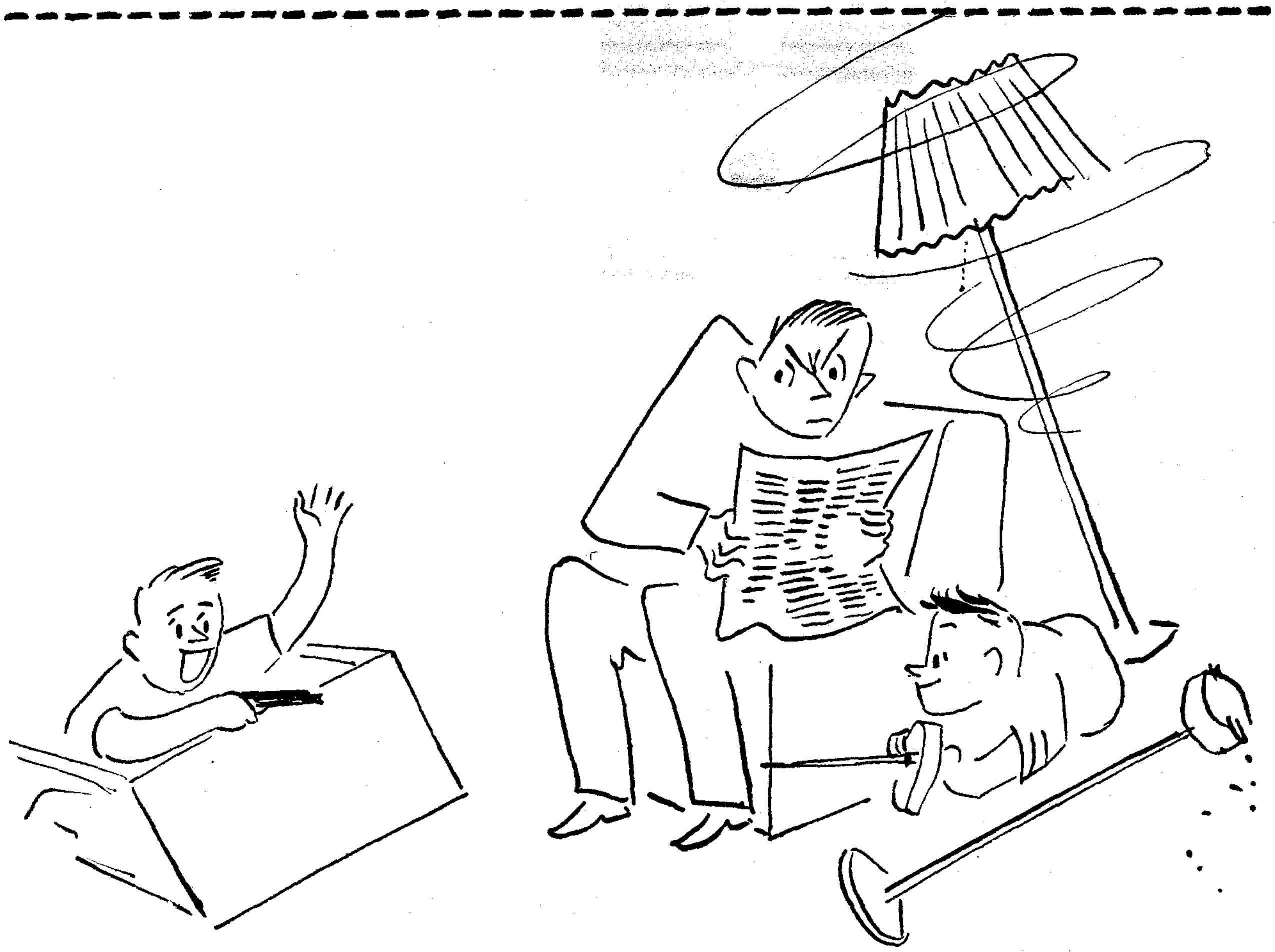

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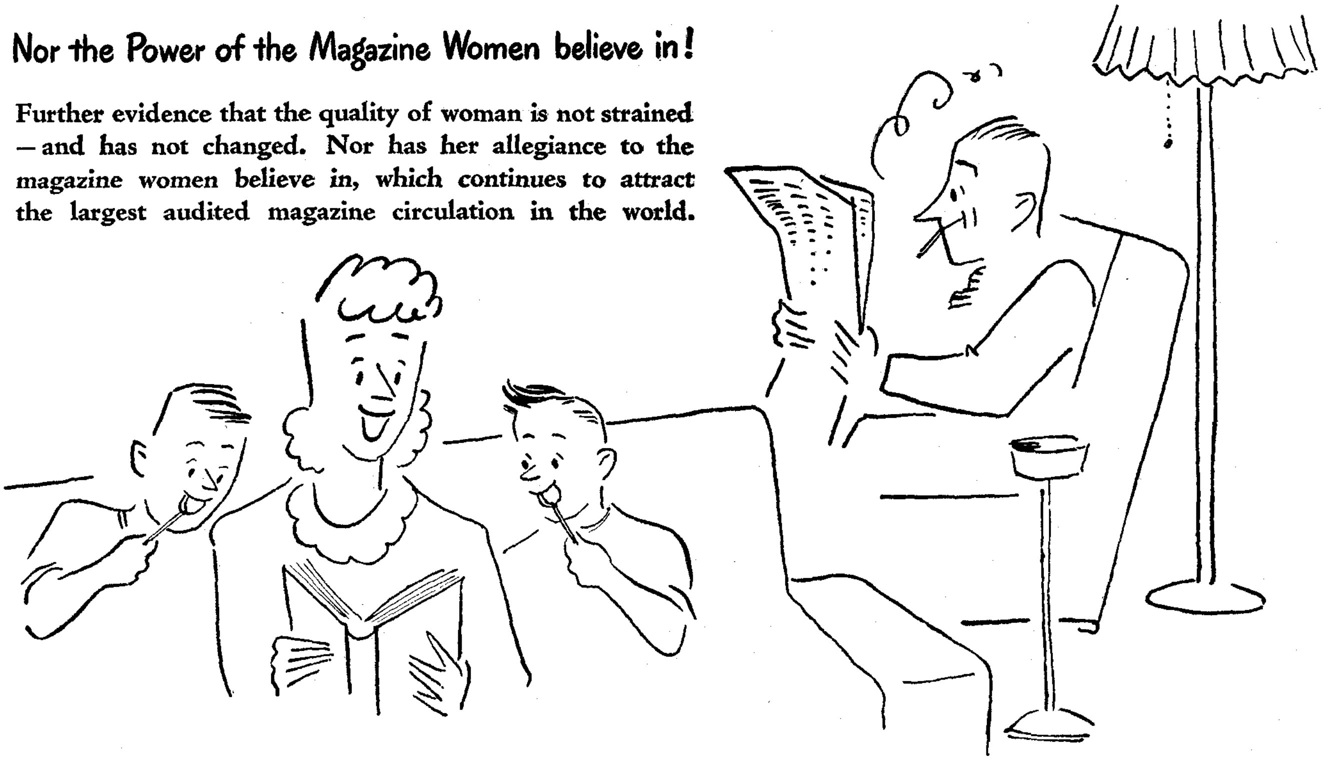
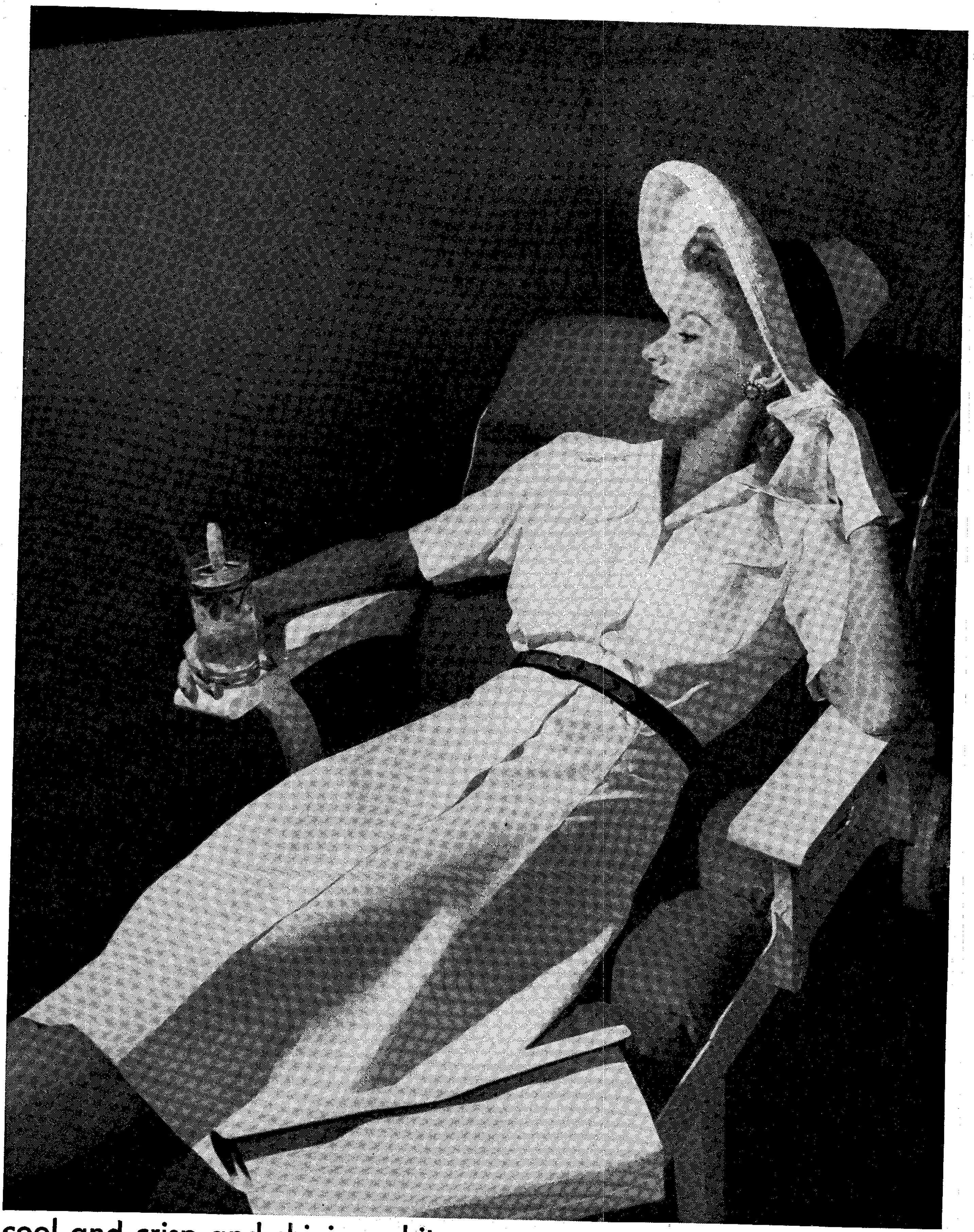


LADIES' HOME **JOURNAL**



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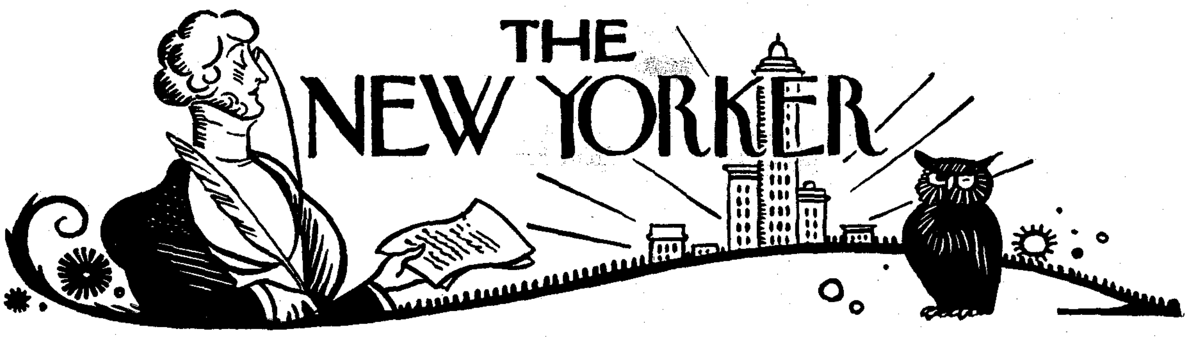
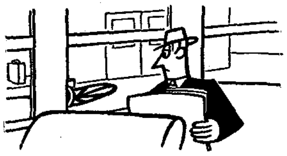


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

Note for the Margin of a No. 2 Ration Book: A British expert on colonial administration has announced his conclusion that cannibalism goes hand in hand with a deficiency of protein in the normal diet.

SUMMER usually manages to put in her appearance at some wholly unexpected moment. She may intrude herself in the smell of an old bathhouse in the unwary nostrils, or in the light, strange touch of a straw hat upon the brow, or in the sudden switch from hot tea to cold. Summer arrived for us this year in the middle of an afternoon as our train paused at a station in decadent old Westchester and our gaze lit on the shadow cast by the iron wheel of a baggage truck on the hot platform, a shadow more sharply defined, more tangible, than the wheel itself. In that awful moment, spring the lilac-scented vanished and summer appeared in all her lush and fearsome loveliness.



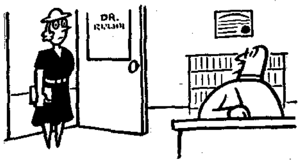
ONE of our favorite wartime projects is to bring horseplayers and General Motors together—an enterprise based on two observations we have made, one about horseplayers, the other about General Motors. Horseplayers, in the first place, haven't any money. Their pockets are occasionally full of untidy bills of various denominations, but it isn't money in the sense that it is for the rest of us, since it is all earmarked for the races and the idea of spending it for any rational purpose is as far from their dreams as a trip to the moon. They simply have no money for irrelevancies. On the other hand, General Motors have no automobiles for sale, but, like so many great corporations, somehow seem to feel a compulsion to go right on buying radio time. This is where our project comes in. General Motors ought to sponsor a twenty-four-hour-a-day horse-race broadcast, containing no incidental music or other exasperating matter. We like to think of all the people this simple arrangement would make happy—all the little gamblers without a spendable dime, listening in free to every horse race in the world; all the big advertising executives, planning their broadcasts without the embarrassing possibility that someday a man might turn up and want to buy a car.

RACING FORM
RACING FORM

MUCH that we admire in the English is symbolized by the way Winston Churchill pronounces the word "Nazi." In contrast to the careful, cultured, and somewhat respectful "Notzy" of the radio announcers, his "Naazzy" is a simple snarl of derision, implying that it's impossible for a plain man to get the hang of any such foreign word and, in this instance, certainly not worth the trouble.

"IF you need any gas for the trip home, we can let you have some. John's father has put some aside especially for this occasion." These words comprised a note enclosed with an invitation to a June wedding reception at a country house deep in Connecticut and reminded us again that in the mutability of tradition lies its strength. In happier days, the bridegroom's father trotted out a few precious bottles laid down in his son's infancy. Now he comes up from the cool, cobwebby cellar with a five-gallon can of Hi-Test '42. Same thought. Aside to the OPA: Don't worry, pals; we aren't going.

"GETTING ready to go to the doctor," remarked our wife this morning as she stood fingering her jewels, "is like preparing to take college-entrance examinations—a thousand answers to a thousand questions keep running through your head, then when you get there your mind becomes a blank and it's as though you had never heard of yourself." Her remark helped make the day bearable for us, as does any sound observation made by a sensible woman in the early hours.



SPEAKING of sensible remarks, it has been a long time since we have seen so many of them strung together as in the article by ex-Governor Stassen of Minnesota in last week's *Saturday Evening Post*. The author, who is now in the Navy, stated the case for world government in phrases which seemed to us clear, elevated, and sensible.

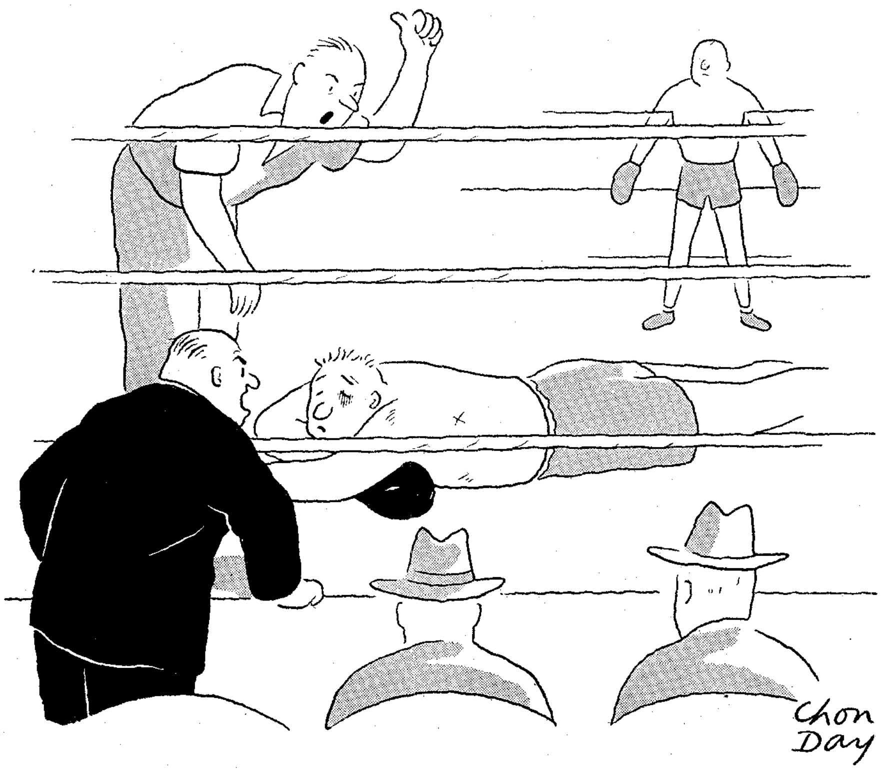
One of the curious difficulties in the way of world federation is the necessity of developing a planetary loyalty as a substitute for, or a complement to, national loyalty. In the United Nations of the World there will be no foreigner to make fun of, no outsider to feel better than. A citizen of the U.N.W. must take pride in the whole world; that, for some people, is going to be a very large thing to get excited about. A man will have to pledge allegiance not only to a national flag but to a universal banner, the colors of which will be rather unfamiliar. It is going to be a slow process, and the sooner we begin the better. The thing which would make it much easier, of course, would be if another planet should turn up as a rival for stratospheric power. If somebody were to discover rubber plantations on Mars, a world government would not only be a prime necessity, it would be a damn cinch.

The Other Armenian

ARTICULATE Armenians, at least those in the theatre, apparently just can't stop talking about being Armenian. Take Saroyan. Take, as we do herewith, Rouben Mamoulian. What got us interested in writing a piece about Mamoulian was, of course, the fact that, as the director of the successful musical play "Oklahoma!," he is to a degree responsible for the revival of the Theatre Guild. In no time at all after we'd met him, though, the conversation had switched from the theatre to Armenians. We learned, for instance, that Saroyan and Mamoulian are acquainted and that when they meet they exchange salutations in Armenian. "In Egypt, when two priests meet, they wink at each other," Mamoulian told us, somewhat opaquely. He first heard of Saroyan back in 1934, after the release of "We Live Again," a film Mamoulian directed. "A director receives all kinds of mail," he said. "One day, I am getting a letter from a crematorium. It asks me how would I like to be cremated. Nothing personal, but what is my attitude? The next day comes a twelve-page letter from Saroyan analyzing my direction of 'We Live Again.' It is a brilliant, sensitive letter, but I don't remember now what it said. Anyway, so we dissolve to a book store a few months later, and there I see Saroyan's book all over the place. He is a famous author."

Mamoulian was born forty-five years ago of Armenian parents in Tiflis, a highly cosmopolitan city in the Caucasus with a large Armenian population. That's where Stalin was brought up, but their paths never crossed. By the time Mamoulian was ten, he was speaking Georgian, Armenian, and Russian; later he added French, Italian, Spanish, German, and English to his repertoire. Mamoulian's father was president of a local bank, an outfit called Tiflisskoye Obschestvo Vzaimnavo Credita, and his mother was a pillar of the little-theatre movement. She had wanted to be an actress, but her parents and husband got stuffy about it. She managed, however, to play in an occasional benefit performance, including a series given to raise money for the victims of the San Francisco earthquake. "People are always talking about the starving Armenians," Mamoulian said, "but there was Mother raising money among Armenians for the starving Americans. She got a letter of thanks from President Theodore Roosevelt. I remember it because I was collecting stamps and I took the stamp right off Roosevelt's letter."

Mamoulian went to school in Tiflis and Paris, and wound up in Moscow, where he received a law degree. All this time he was active in the theatre. In 1920, he went to London to visit a sister who had married an Englishman and to canvass the theatrical situation there. At this point in his narrative, Mamoulian paused to snipe at another cliché that always bothers him. "Whenever you read about someone from Russia, you come to a sentence that says, 'Then he fled from the Soviets,'" he told us. "I just left to visit my sister." After four or five years in England, during which Mamoulian directed several successful plays, he was invited to Rochester, New York, to organize and direct an opera company. Then the Theatre Guild got him, and he directed "Porgy," "Marco Millions," "R.U.R.," the first production of "Porgy and Bess," and a number of lesser plays. He went out to Hollywood when talkies were coming in. He doesn't regard it as an anomaly that a man from Tiflis should bob up as an interpreter of American folklore. "In Tiflis I laid my hands on everything that had to do with America," he explained. "Bret Harte, O. Henry, Mark Twain—they were my favorite Russian authors." Also, during Mamoulian's family's annual vacation trip to Switzerland, he would delve into a weekly magazine called *Les Aventures de Buffalo Bill.* "It came out every Wednesday," he told us, with a nostalgic sigh. "It was wonderful."



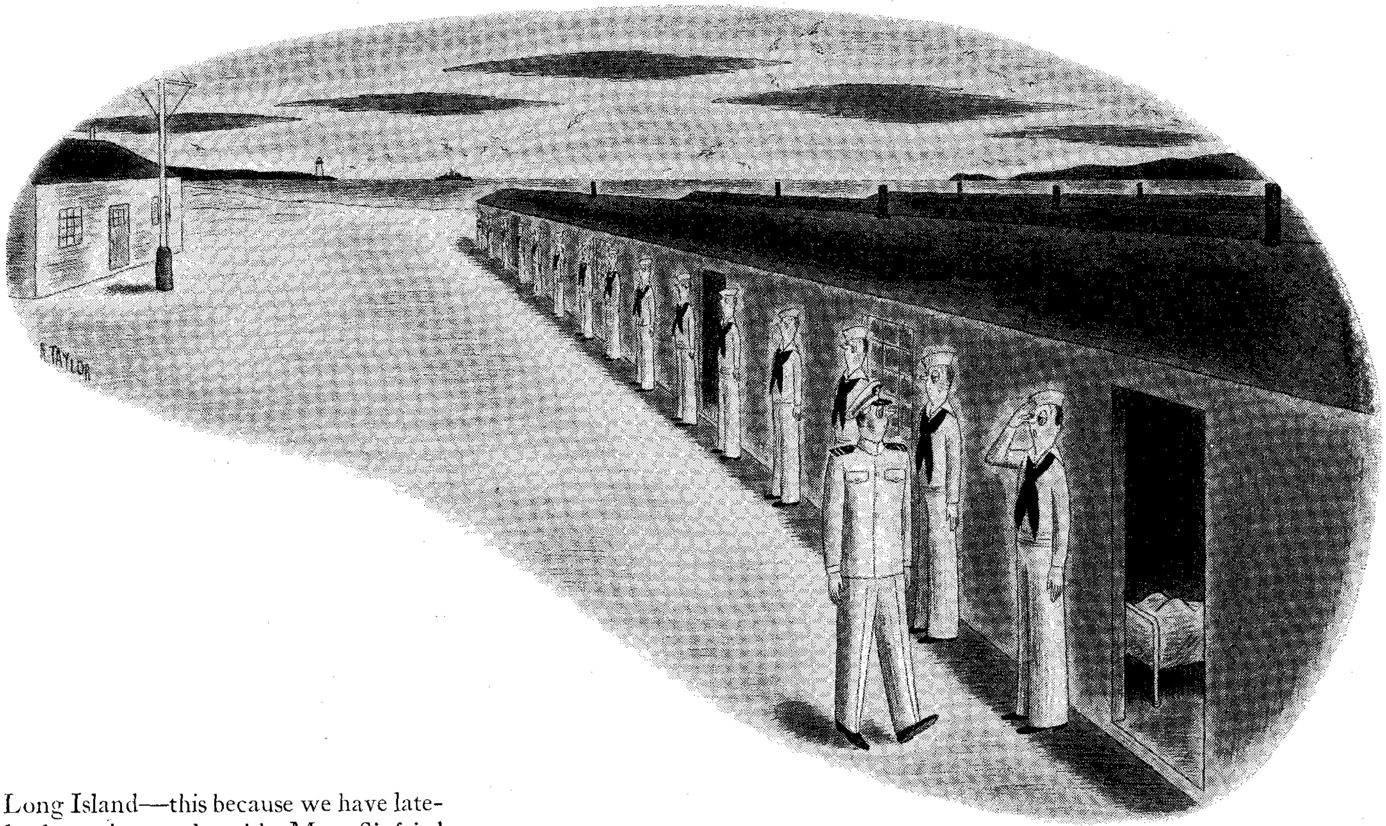
"You yellow quitter! I've a good notion to bust you in the nose!"

Model

A GENTLEMAN strolling in the Metropolitan Museum paused to watch a group of boys who were sketching in the section devoted to Greek statuary. There were five artists in all. Peeking over their shoulders—not difficult, since they were all about ten years old—our informant saw that they were making more or less faithful studies of a Greek athlete. Or four of them were; the fifth, though he paused as often as his fellows and squinted as earnestly at the marble athlete, was drawing a four-motored bomber.

Q. & A.

WE'RE in a position to know something about the difficulties peculiar to inexperienced Victory gardeners in the towns of Woodmere, Cedarhurst, Lawrence, Hewlett, and Inwood,



"Folsom's seasick, sir."

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Long Island—this because we have lately been in touch with Mrs. Sigfried Rosenthal, of Lawrence, an unofficial consultant on agricultural difficulties in those parts. She arose at an early-spring meeting of prospective Victory gardeners from the five towns and announced that she would have office hours Tuesdays and Fridays from ten in the morning until noon, during which people with problems could telephone her. The brief period soon proved insufficient. "The truth is," she told us, "I make no secret of the fact that I receive calls up to ten in the evening, and at least five calls have come in after midnight. But don't you dare write anything to discourage anybody." On the contrary, we will add to Mrs. Rosenthal's burdens by reporting that she is eminently qualified to be a consultant, having taken up vegetable-growing during the last war and kept at it ever since. "It's a disease, like drink," she says, "but it's more constructive than drink."

Just last week an agitated lady called Mrs. Rosenthal to ask if she had made a terrible mistake in planting cucumbers next to cantaloupes. She wanted to know if the cantaloupes wouldn't have a cucumber flavor. Mrs. Rosenthal said no. This is a common kind of worry; most amateur gardeners start out thinking that if they grow onions everything in the garden will taste of onions. Mrs. Rosenthal's message to them is "The onion is helpless until it's harvested." There was another lady who called to say she had just realized that she had carelessly planted all her vegetable seeds on their sides; she was appalled at the thought that the plants might all be growing sideways, underground. The worst case of uninformed vegetable-gardening in Mrs. Rosenthal's experience was that of a lady (it's almost always a lady) who dug up her garden, fertilized it, watered and cultivated it from week to week, carefully nurturing a strange growth that appeared. This was so unidentifiable, however, that she grew restless and called Mrs. Rosenthal in for consultation. Mrs. R. found that the lady hadn't known it was necessary to plant seeds and was raising a quarter acre of rather sparse but healthy ragweed.

One of Mrs. Rosenthal's after-midnight calls was from a mother who had returned from the theatre to find that her son had pulled up most of her young carrots to see if they were done. She hoped that maybe, if she *quickly* went out and put the carrots back into the ground . . . Mrs. Rosenthal had to give her the bad news straight from the shoulder. Mrs. R. was, of course, able to reassure the lady who called her and cried, "It's awful! The ground is *cracking* where I've planted seeds." Likewise the lady who was grieved because, just after she had sprinkled lime on her garden plot, it began to rain. "Best thing that could happen," Mrs. Rosenthal told her. Only one really foolish question has so far come from a man. This gentleman wanted Mrs. Rosenthal's judgment on his scarecrow. He had dressed it completely—coat, shirt, hat, pants, necktie, socks—except for shoes, of which he had none to spare. He wondered if a scarecrow in its stocking feet would fool a really hep bird.

Departure

As an example of clear, straightforward thinking while functioning in the difficult medium of wartime Washington, we give you the case of a lady, employed as a civilian worker by the Navy Department, who decided to resign. When she broached the matter, her superiors explained that this was not easy: she would have to write explanations, get releases, wait for her replacement to be trained, and so on. She went back to her desk, brooded for a moment or two, then typed briefly on a sheet of paper, which she placed in an envelope. On the envelope she wrote, "Do not open until 3:30 P.M. today," and handed it to the head of her department. Like a good civil servant, he opened the envelope at 3:30 sharp. The message he found inside was chilling and final: "I have gone home."

Goodbye, Jurgen

WE detect a sketchy symbolism in the fact that the plates used for printing James Branch Cabell's "Jurgen" have been, by order of the WPB, melted down and the uncommunicative metals diverted to war production. To us it means that the nineteen-twenties are now definitely over. The WPB order (Title 32 National Defense, Chapter LX, Subchapter B, Part 1106, General Conservation Order M-99) did not apply just to "Jurgen," of course; it specified all plates that on July 1, 1942, had not been used in the past four years. A set of plates, however old, that had been used within the past four years to run off another edition, even a twenty-five-cent paper-back reprint, could be kept. Most old-line publishers have sets of plates which have been gathering dust at the printer's for twenty or thirty years and are *never* going to be used again. Figuring on an average of fifty sets of plates contributed by each of the two hundred and seventy-four active book-publishing firms in the country, and multiplying again by five hundred, the approximate poundage of a set of plates, we get 6,850,000 pounds of metal diverted from belles-lettres to war. That's over three thousand tons of lead and a hundred tons each of copper, tin, and antimony. We have been assured that these calculations are reasonable.

Some of Knopf's fanciest authors have been melted down—Mencken ("Selected Prejudices"), D. H. Lawrence ("The Virgin and the Gypsy"), George Jean Nathan ("The American Credo"), and Emma Goldman ("Living My Life"), not to mention twenty early novels by Warwick Deeping and the complete works of Carrie Nation, whom we had not before thought of as a Knopf author. The Dial Press, apparently with the idea of clearing its decks for the postwar period, tossed into the pot the plates for "American Reconstruction," "Dollars for Bullets," H. W. Davis's "History of Europe," and Lengyel's "Hitler." "Catty Atkins," a boys' book written by Clarence Budington Kelland long before he became a leader of the loyal opposition, was one of Harper's more nostalgic contributions. Harper's also contributed Henry James's "Washington Square," Finley Peter Dunne's "Observations by Mr. Dooley," Rex Beach's "The Mating Call," the English translation of LeBlanc's "The Extraordinary Adventures of Arsène Lupin," a collection of Chesterton's Father Brown stories, Craik's "John Halifax, Gentleman," and Homer Croy's "They Had to See Paris." Farrar & Rinehart sacrificed two hundred and fifty sets of plates. The ones that must have given them the worst wrench were those for Calvin Coolidge's autobiography or the anonymous "Gabriel Over the White House," a hot political item in its day.

Simon & Schuster's contributions were, naturally, pretty gaudy. Among them were Frank Buck's "Bring 'Em Back Alive," Joan Lowell's famous hoax, "The Cradle of the Deep" (was she or was she not raised on a windjammer?), "Trader Horn," Cornelius Vanderbilt's "Farewell to Fifth Avenue," and Eddie Cantor's salute to the stock-market crash of 1929, "Caught Short!," which sold a hundred thousand copies in a month. Random House parted with some items of sterling literary merit—the original editions of Eugene O'Neill and Robinson Jeffers, O'Flaherty's "Famine," William Faulkner's "Pylon," "Absalom Absalom!," and "Light in August," and "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas," which, you undoubtedly remember, was by Gertrude Stein. "The Story of the Waldorf-Astoria" and Marie Stopes' "Love Songs for Young Lovers" were among Putnam's gifts to the arsenal of democracy. Dodd, Mead crashed through with twenty Anatole France titles, George Ade's "Fables in Slang," and a round dozen of the Elsie Dinsmore series, which leaves eight of them still in print, thank goodness. John Day abandoned—cheerfully, we imagine—Howard Scott's "Introduction to Technocracy," which had everyone so worried ten years ago. The mortality was particularly high among books by or about Sigmund Freud and Oscar Wilde and books on how to play bridge. The war seems to have ended an era, sweepingly.

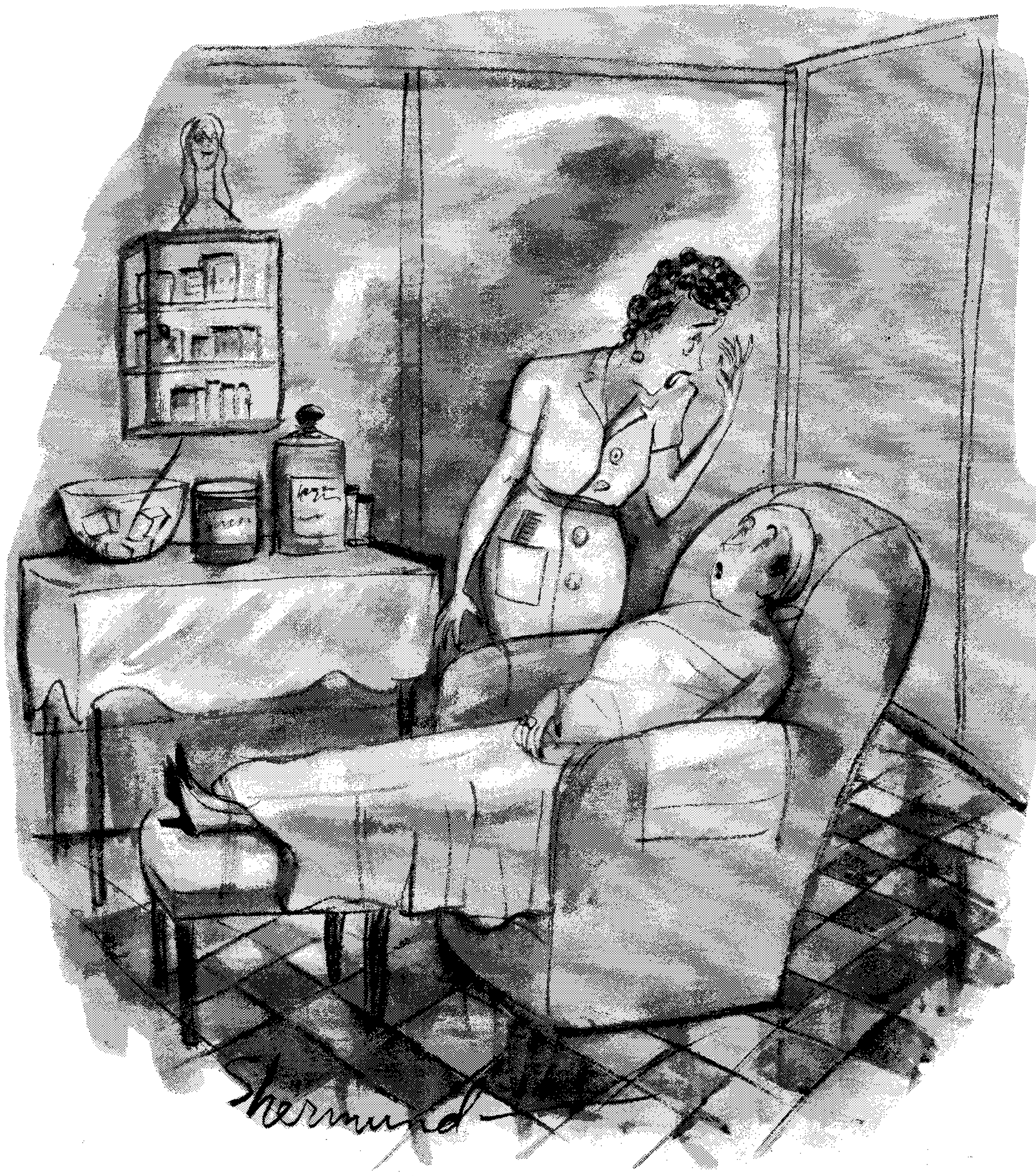
Qualification

IT begins to look as if we would have to establish a Cute Sayings of Government Investigators Department, to take care of the current influx of tales about the pixies whose job it is to investigate applicants for Army and Navy commissions and federal jobs. The hero of this week's tale is a gimlet-eyed Naval Intelligence man who approached a friend of ours in reference to a Mr. L——, who aspired to be a lieutenant commander in some branch of the service that was evidently pretty mysterious. "What we are trying to find out especially," this investigator said, "is whether Mr. L—— is the kind of man who would tell secrets to women."

Feather Detective

THERE was, you may not have heard, a furor on Fifth Avenue a while ago when Lord & Taylor got in bad with the New York State Conservation Department for displaying millinery trimmed with eagle feathers. Such trimming violates New York State's wild-bird-plumage law. Hearing about the incident, we turned up the gentleman at the root of the matter, Mr. Richard Pough, an official of the National Audubon Society, who is referred to in certain circles of the city as "the feather detective." We found Mr. Pough, a vigorous, spectacled, part-time sleuth of thirty-nine, at his office in the Society's headquarters at 1006 Fifth Avenue. At the Society he is primarily a specialist in wild-life conservation. "Lord & Taylor think I'm a wizard," he said calmly after he had offered us a seat. L. & T. got this impression, Mr. Pough said, because the feathers had been in their window only an hour before he was upstairs talking to the millinery department's buyer. Mr. Pough is not clairvoyant, however; like Nero Wolfe, he is less a wizard than a keen observer. The simple facts are that he makes tours of the city's shopping districts periodically, checking millinery ornaments, that he can identify any feather on sight, and that he just happened to pass L. & T.'s soon after the eagle-trimmed hats had been put in the window. The buyer was startled and, of course, had merely made an innocent mistake, but the store paid a $25 penalty to the Conservation Department, which has quasi-judicial powers to settle a case out of court. The hat manufacturer, presumed by the Department to know what he was doing, paid $75.

New York State's wild-bird-plumage act is the result of a crime file which Mr. Pough began in the autumn of 1939, when he saw a hat trimmed with an eagle feather in a shop in the Waldorf-



"I had the most horrible dream last night. I dreamed John L. Lewis came in to have his eyebrows plucked."

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Astoria. Pough, already an employee of the Audubon Society, was accompanying his wife on a shopping tour. The feather situation in general was deplorable at that time. The millinery trade was promiscuously using feathers long outlawed by state and federal laws. The principal reason was that practically all feathers were imported from foreign countries, even those of domestic origin being shipped abroad for processing, and the customs agents who inspected the arriving merchandise often lacked the knowledge to expose a falsified invoice. As an expert bird man, Pough knew that the Waldorf feather was illegal, and he soon discovered that a lot of other feathers he saw in shops around town were too. He reported to the Society, which then directed him to do some sleuthing as part of his job, and during the next fifteen months he posed as a hat or feather buyer, collecting evidence in stores, feather merchants' lofts, and at milliners' openings. Once, on a Madison Avenue bus, he counted seven illegal species of plumes on passengers' hats. As a result of his findings, the legislature, in the spring of 1941, passed an act regulating the sale of all wild-bird plumage in New York State. One immediate result was that all eagle, egret, bird-of-paradise, and heron feathers, a total of $25,000 worth, were voluntarily withdrawn by dealers from their stocks and burned in a bonfire in a vacant Bronx lot. Mr. Pough was an interested spectator. The new law provided that the remainder of the dealers' wild-bird-plumage stocks, including condor, great bustard, capercaillie, and European-eagle-owl feathers, were to be disposed of by 1947, any residue then remaining to be taken over by the state authorities. The current local inventory of this merchandise runs around $100,000, according to Mr. Pough, who keeps a pretty close check. After 1947 only the feathers of turkeys, geese, chickens, and other domesticated birds, such as pheasants, rheas, and ostriches, will be available for millinery use. But very pretty they are on a beret or straw, says Pough.

One of Pough's most notable feather-detection cases began with the discovery three years ago, in the Times Square Woolworth's, of scads of long, brown feathers of rare North Pacific albatrosses, on sale at ten cents apiece. The feathers were unquestionably old, but because of his knowledge of the market, Pough knew that the import was recent and therefore illegal. He discovered a million other similar feathers at a local importer's and, tracing their history, learned that they were the relics of one of the greatest bird massacres of all time. It occurred in 1906, when Japanese feather pirates invaded some uninhabited American islands of the Hawaiian group, near our present outpost at Midway, and wiped out and deplumed huge colonies of nesting albatrosses. In 1939 the quills had somehow got into this country from Europe, described as goose feathers. The case is still awaiting trial in the federal courts.

Informal

UP in Boston, where scholastic etiquette is still taken pretty seriously, the manager of a clothing firm specializing in caps and gowns was prostrated by a communication from the president of the senior class at a nearby high school. "Please send me the prices for caps and gowns," it said. "Particularly zoot gowns, if you carry them."

TO FORTY-FOURTH STREET

IT was one of those bright, brisk days of earliest summer, when the sun seems to bring no heat to the air at all, and the girl who waved to the uptown bus at Sixth Avenue and Tenth Street looked as cool and as fresh as the day itself. She had a lot of blond hair and a small, pretty face; she was wearing a light blue dress, short-sleeved and short-skirted and softly hanging, and she didn't get on when the bus doors flicked open. Instead, she stood on the curb, leaning forward a little and peering in at the driver. "Will you get me to Forty-fourth Street in ten minutes?" she asked.

The driver, hunched over his big steering wheel, stared down at her solemnly for a moment. A man in a checked sports jacket, sitting next to the door, stared down at her too. "No, Ma'am," said the driver, and the girl made a little grimace. "Well, I can't use you, then," she said. "I'm sorry." She stepped back from the curb and smiled. As the bus started on up Sixth Avenue, the man on the seat next the door leaned across to the driver. He was small and excitable-looking, with a black mustache, close-clipped, and black, darting eyes. He seemed to be excited now. "Well now, that was a hot one, wasn't it?" he demanded. "Wasn' that a hot one? 'Will you take me to Fort'-fourt' Street in ten minutes?' J'ever hear anything like that one before?"

The driver was swinging the bus out around a Drake's Cake truck, parked out from the curb. He smiled tolerantly. "Ah, you get all kinds," he said. "We don't even stop at Forty-fourth Street any more."

"You don't?"

The driver shook his head. "She'd have to get off at Forty-second and walk up. I had that in mind, too, when I told her," he added.

The other nodded, impressed. For a while he sat silent, pressing his hands on his knees and pondering the situation. Then he leaned forward again. "How long would it take you, anyway?" he asked, staring anxiously at the driver. "To get up to Fort'-fourt' Street, I mean."

The driver was a thin man, pale as a convict in his gray pants, gray shirt, and gray necktie, and he considered the question carefully. He was bringing the big bus in to the curb at Fourteenth Street before he glanced at the man again, and then he merely nodded his head a little, as if to tell him that he had reached a solution. There was a crowd getting on there, mainly women, and he waited until they had made their way past the change box before he replied. "Fourteen, fifteen minutes," he said cautiously. The avenue lights went red, and he pulled the big handbrake lever and leaned back. "Yeah," he said. "Make it safe, call it fifteen minutes."

"Fifteen minutes," the other repeated. He sat watching the last few cars spurt across the crossing. As the lights changed, a couple of cabs slid past the bus in the outer lane and sped on up the avenue. Air hissed sharply as the brakes went off and the bus lumbered after them. The man kept his eyes on the cabs, growing smaller ahead. "What she'll do," he said, "she'll just grab herself a taxi. Grab a cab, she'll get up there in seven, eight minutes, I guess."

"Yeah," the driver said.

"Maybe faster than that, huh, maybe? Them taxis, they make it fast."

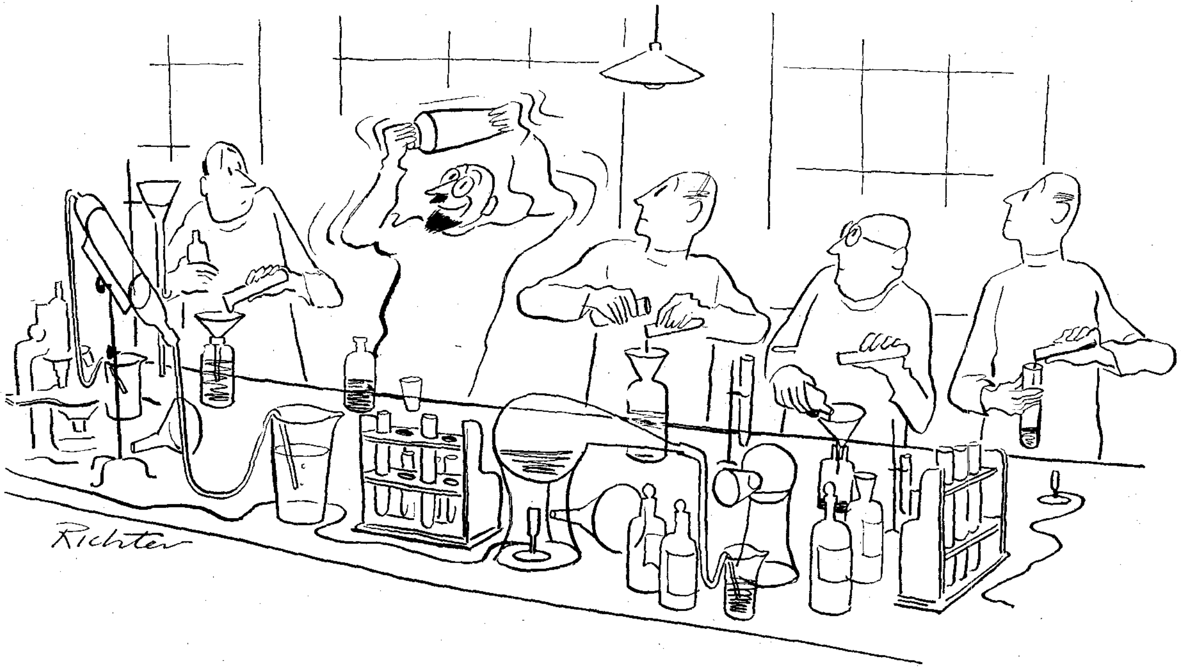
The driver looked over at him. "Yeah. Maybe. Depends how they drove."

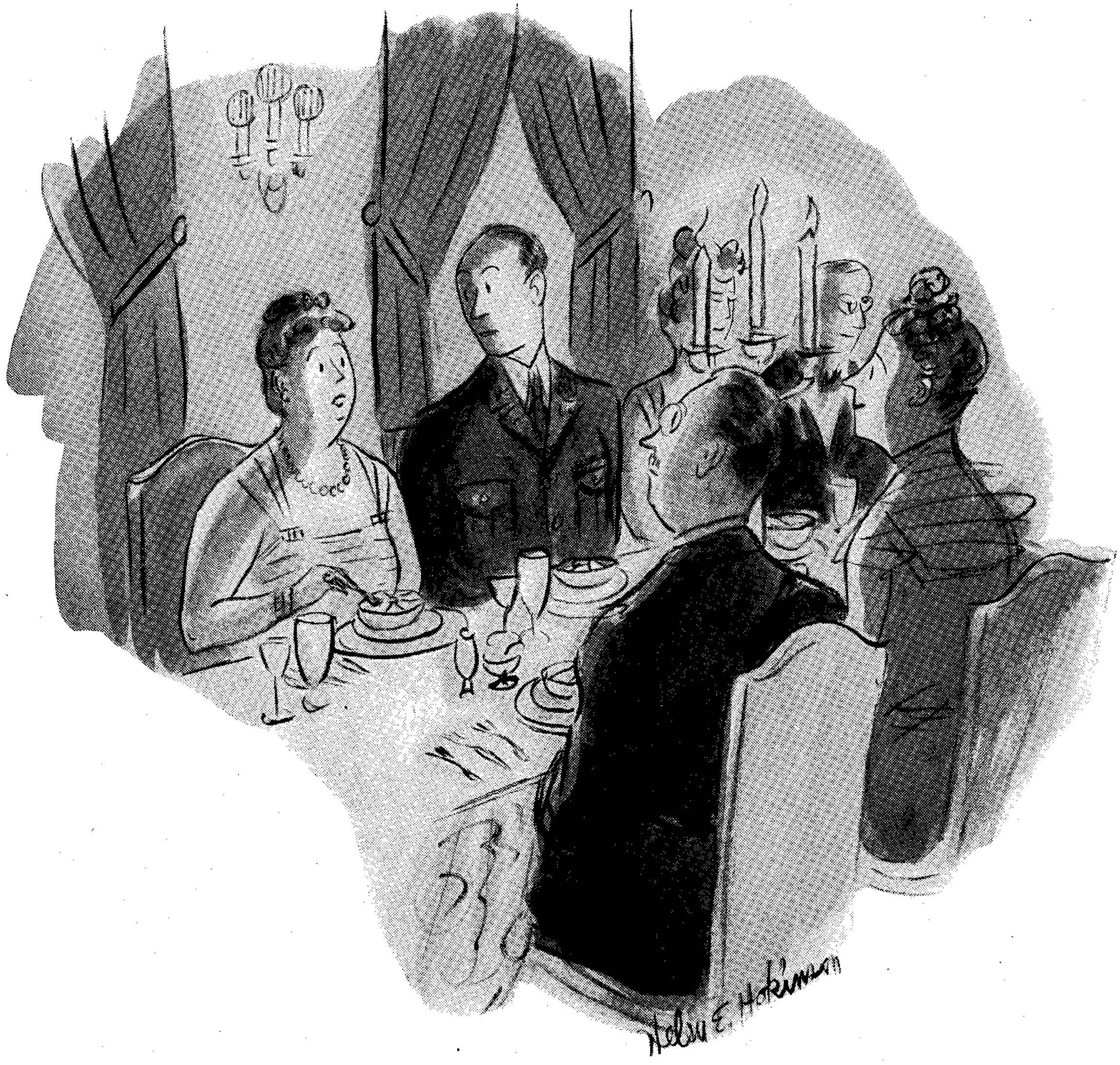
"Sure, that's right. It'd depend how they drove. But if she told him to step on it . . . Prob'ly heading up there to meet the boy friend, prob'ly, so she's in a hurry."

The driver nodded, it seemed a little reluctantly. "You can't tell, though," he said. "There's stores up around there, and so on. Like Stern's, for example. Lots of women go up there to Stern's."

"Yeah, but when's there a woman's got to get to a department store in just ten minutes' time? And especially babies like that one. But if it's a case of the boy friend, now"—he was squeezing his knees again and staring earnestly at the driver—"well, a taxi'd get her up there all right," he said, but the driver paid no attention, and when the next red light caught them he just leaned his elbows on the steering wheel and stared straight before him. They were then at Nineteenth Street, and perhaps because the street rose a little in the blocks ahead, the sun on the pavement made a shimmer, so the cars farther up the avenue looked hazy and insubstantial, as if seen in a mirage. One of the cabs that had passed them had disappeared, but the other, a Yellow, was still visible. It had stopped behind a mail truck at about Twenty-first Street, and as the lights changed to green it whisked briskly around the obstacle and was gone. The bus was past Twenty-sixth Street before the driver spoke again.

"What some people don't realize," he said, "is we got a schedule. We got a schedule to keep, and it's just as bad for us if we get ahead of it or we get behind. There's inspectors scattered all along the line, see, and what I mean, if I come into a stop, say, like Thirty-fifth Street, where





"I'm glad we're sending help to Russia now that they've thanked us."

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there's an inspector, and I'm two minutes ahead of schedule—or I wouldn't be even that much—why, it means that I'm all out of line with the other buses, and what I get, I get hell."

"Sure, I know."

"Just supposing I wanted to try it," the driver went on. For the space of a block, with the street clear in front of him, he gunned the motor, speeding up till the bus swayed and rattled. Then he had to brake sharply for a woman, waiting at the bus stop at Thirtieth Street. "Or if I didn't have that cross-over at Thirty-sixth Street," he said when the bus was under way again. "That's the route, and we got to stick to it, but there's times when I wish it was different. It's the place where we cross over from Broadway to Sixth again, up above Herald Square, and no matter how you figure it, you always lose a light there. If it's red on Broadway, then by the time you get the green and get around the corner, why, it's red on Sixth. If it's green on Broadway, then it's red at Sixth and you got to wait anyway." He glanced over at the man next the door to see if he had made his meaning clear, and the other nodded.

"But a taxi," the driver went on, "he could get around the corner quicker. Or if he seen the lights wasn't to his advantage, he could go on up farther and cross over there."

"Yeah," the other man put in. "Or just run right through the lights, like the half of them do."

"That's right. Or just run through the lights." There was a red light at Thirty-second. "No denying they get there faster," he said as he brought the bus to a stop. "I could do it too, you know," he said suddenly, as the lights changed. "I could get there in ten minutes, easy, just supposing I wanted to. If I could pick my spots like the taxis can and if I had any luck with the lights. And if I skipped a few stops, maybe. Say I just stopped at Fourteenth and Twenty-third and Thirty-fourth Street, maybe." He looked over at the other man and grinned.

The man next the door grinned too. "Say," he said, "that'd be something to try sometime, wouldn't it?"

"Yeah, and lose my job," said the driver. A taxi cut in front of him to pick up a passenger at Thirty-third Street, and he honked the horn impatiently until it had started away. "Yeah," he said. "It'd be something to try sometime."

THE lights were just switching to red when they reached Thirty-sixth Street, but he jumped them, and by great good luck they were still green at Sixth Avenue; he took the turn with a rush. No one signalled at Thirty-eighth Street, and it wasn't till they reached Forty-second that he halted again. Quite a crowd was waiting there, and he gunned the motor intermittently until everyone had got aboard and he could get under way again. As they passed Forty-fourth Street, however, he slowed, and both men stared out the window carefully. They were looking, obviously, for a girl in a light-blue dress standing talking to someone, possibly a soldier. But there was no one of that description on the corner at all.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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HIGHER MATHEMATICS DEPT.

[*From "Battle of the Solomons," by Ira Wolfert.*]

Once he shot down a Zero at twenty-nine hundred feet, dove down to less than three thousand feet, and chopped down two torpedo bombers.

A TALE OF OLD PENNSYLVANIA

MRS. BLESSURE was an ugly, thin, middle-aged woman with two married daughters and a husband employed by one of the big New York banking houses. She had in her own right an inheritance of three million dollars. She liked to win at cards and was not at all above cheating. During the winter she drank about as much as the average customers' man. The war worried her. One of her first concessions to it had been to put her jewelry away in the bank vault and buy two hundred dollars' worth of Técla pearls.

"Everyone knows there will be a new social order," her niece, who went to Bennington, said one night at dinner, a few months after the fall of France. "What's wrong with this social order?" Mrs. Blessure asked from her end of the table. When her niece went on to criticize Hamilton Fish, Mrs. Blessure felt that she had to interrupt. "I don't care what they say about him!" she exclaimed sincerely. "He's always been very attractive and he used to be a good dancer."

Mrs. Blessure's inheritance was more of a burden to her than her children had ever been. As the war progressed, and as Roosevelt, in her opinion, continued to set class against class, she became very uneasy. After listening to Quincy Howe one night, she dreamed that an angry crowd was stoning the windows of her Sixty-seventh Street house. Newspapers and news broadcasts gave her nervous indigestion, and she was tired of being asked to contribute to war charities. She gave these problems some serious thought and decided to retire into the country for the duration. She asked her husband's permission to buy a country place within reasonable driving distance of New York, a place where she could wait, inconspicuously, for the world to compose itself again. The upper East Side, Westchester, Long Island, the Main Line—all of those places, she felt, would be bombed, for in the back of her mind was the idea that Hitler was fighting her friends.

Her husband gave his permission. Their marriage was now entirely vestigial and he did not care where she went. She toured the nearby country herself and decided upon a property in the back hills of the Delaware River valley. A farm there was being sheriffed for taxes and she paid less for the place than she paid for having the house remodelled and decorated. Mrs. Blessure moved herself to Pennsylvania in the spring of 1941. She was fortunate in her choice of a neighborhood. The hills she settled in were impoverished and backward. Insanity, ignorance, and incest were common there, and the relief investigators and the game warden hardly ever appeared.

Mrs. Blessure was an outspoken advocate of hoarding, and she filled the cellar and the attic of her new house with provisions. She took with her into the country a maid, a cook, a butler-chauffeur, and a gardener, but they had all left within two weeks. They disliked the strangeness and the solitude and they were afraid of the neighbors. Mrs. Blessure was reduced to employing natives. Mrs. Sickafuss, a widow from a nearby village, came in to cook. A young farm girl named Annie Gooch waited on table and did the housework. Mrs. Blessure had to insist that she take a bath every day. The gardening was done by an old man named Oskar Scheetz. Mr. Scheetz's grandfather had come from Germany to settle in the valley two generations before. Mr. Scheetz still spoke German at home.

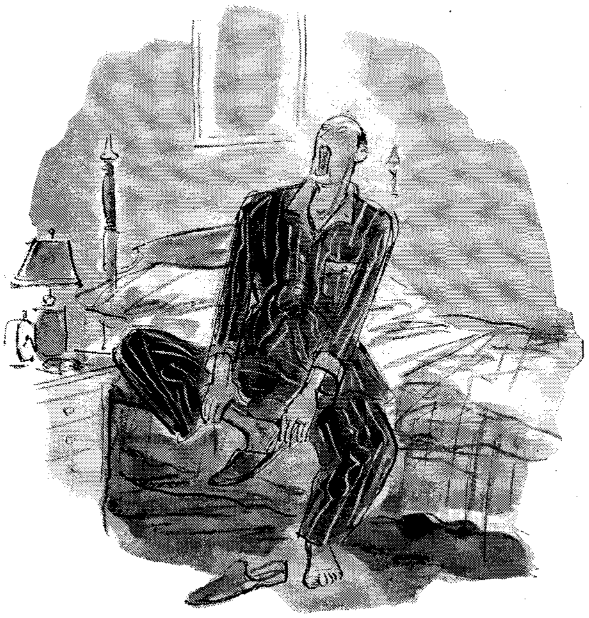
The service and the food were by no means what Mrs. Blessure was accustomed to, but if there should be a new social order, as her niece had suggested, she felt that a quiet and simple life in an obscure part of the country would stand in her favor. As a precaution, she did her best to prove to the few natives she encountered that she was their friend. Before her servants she took the attitude of a woman whose income was constantly shrinking and threatened and complained continually about the price of food.

Mrs. Blessure was seized with homesickness now and then when she looked through the summer *Social Register*. But for the most part she did not mind being alone. She had no very acute sense of the passage of time—if she had any at all—and she read, did needlepoint, drank temperately, and puttered in her garden. The country of the middle Delaware and of the Lehigh Canal is peaceable and green. Mrs. Blessure noticed around her a tranquillity and a quaintness that she had seen in the small villages of France and southern Germany. It was the quaintness of poverty and the tranquillity of neglect. The benefits and disorders of the last twenty years had passed that bend of the river by.

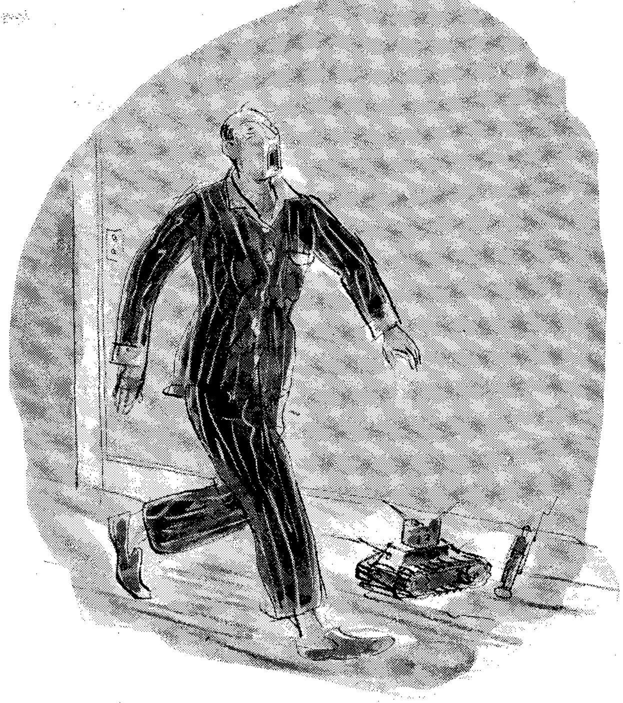
During the summer Mrs. Blessure drove to the few auctions that were held in her neighborhood and bought Pennsylvania Dutch birth certificates, splatterware, pie plates, clay banks, chests, bureaus, and primitive paintings. Through these objects she came to know slightly the superstitious people who had settled the valley—people who had come from Germany almost three hundred years before, bringing with them the beliefs and the customs of that time. She was not far from Lancaster County, where the devout Amish were, but her neighbors feared the devil and his agents more than they worshipped God, and Mrs. Blessure was excited at discovering that definite evidence of the practice of witchcraft in the vicinity had been produced in a criminal case less than ten years before.

At one of the auctions she bought a book called "The Long Lost Friend." It contained the incantations and prescriptions of witchery. She read it with interest and, when one of her infrequent guests turned up, would gaily produce it. "Whenever they had the mother fits," she would say, laughing and twisting her rope of Técla pearls, "whenever they had the mother fits—whatever *they* were—they used to call in the witch and she would repeat this over the patient: 'Get out of my marrow into my bone. Get out of my heart into my flesh. Get out of my flesh into my skin. Get out of my skin into the woods.' Isn't that a scream?"

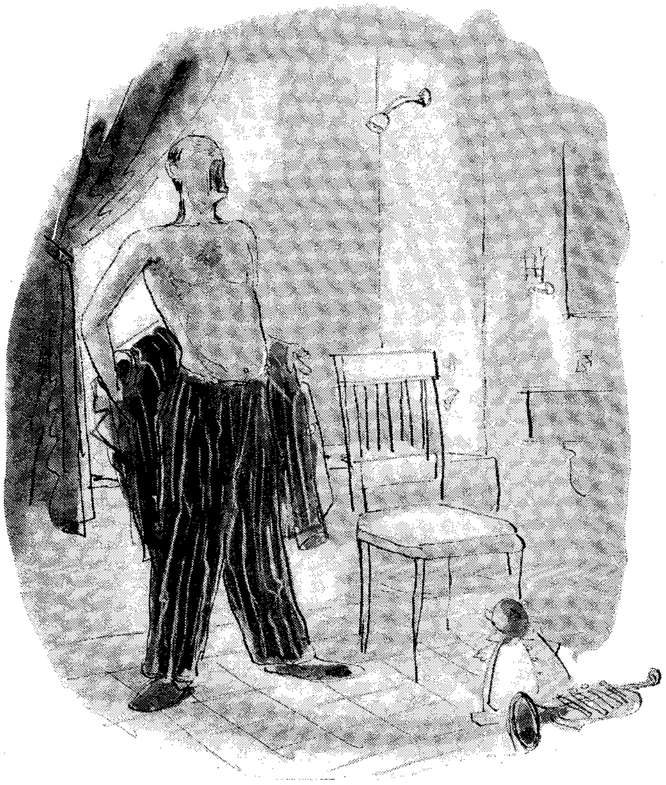
Mrs. Blessure had the hex signs over her barn door repainted, and one day she asked Mr. Scheetz what he could remember of witchcraft. "We got some ideas that may look old-fashioned to you, Ma'am," he said angrily, "but you can't use me like I wasn't just as white as you. You! You, with your fingernails painted fit to fight." Then he laid down his tools and walked off her place. She waited three days for him to return. On the fourth day she went down to the store at the crossroads near her house



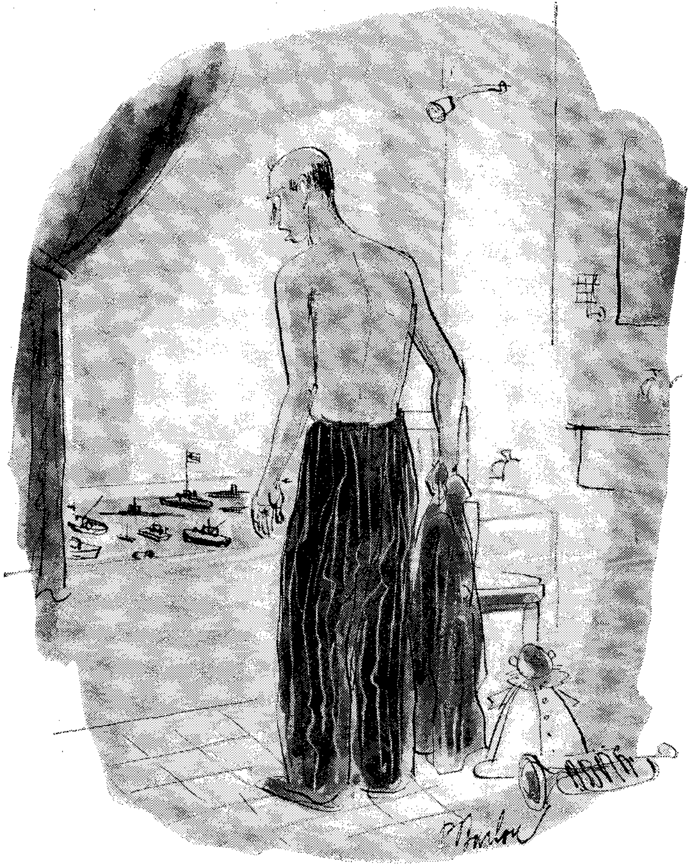
"By the old Moulmein Pagoda,
lookin' eastward to the sea . . .



There's a Burma girl a-settin',
an' I know she thinks o' me . . .



On the road to Mandalay-ay . . ."



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and asked the storekeeper if he knew of anyone who might work for her in Mr. Scheetz's place.

"Try Simon," the storekeeper said.

"Who is Simon?" Mrs. Blessure asked.

"Lives up onto the towpath near the Raubstowne bridge."

The next afternoon Mrs. Blessure walked to Raubstowne and started up the towpath. A few stray houses stood along the canal outside Raubstowne. She saw no one. After she had gone a few hundred yards more she lost sight of the last houses and of the fields and barns along the river road, for the canal was well screened by trees; everything familiar and reassuring vanished. Mrs. Blessure noticed that the filthy waters of the canal were not stagnant but moved in a sluggish current. The clay banks smelled.

She walked for what seemed to her an hour without coming to any human habitation. The storekeeper had given her no idea that it would be a long walk and she wondered if she had misunderstood his directions. Then she saw a house ahead of her. The place was dilapidated. The second-story windows were boarded up. Part of the porch roof and the porch floor had given way. The barn behind the house had collapsed and lay in a heap where it had fallen. She heard a child crying and a woman singing in German. A man was sitting on the bank of the canal.

"Are you Simon?" she shouted.

The man got to his feet slowly and walked toward her. The impassivity of his face and his stare made her think he might be a half-wit. His left arm had been amputated at the elbow and the stump hung in his shirt sleeve. She explained that she needed someone to work in her garden and that the storekeeper had sent her to him. "I come tomorrow," he said. His immediate willingness made her feel that she was intruding and that he might have agreed to anything that would end the conversation. She thanked him and started back down the towpath. As she turned she saw a woman watching her from the door of the house. The woman stepped back inside. It was already beginning to get dark and Mrs. Blessure was suddenly frightened. She tried to run. Her hair came loose and she couldn't breathe. She was glad to get back to the town, where there were houses and lights.

COUNTRY living can have many healthy and wholesome effects, but where the soil has been eroded and where the few channels of communication have been almost stopped up, the country will breed cruel and stupid men. Simon wasn't cruel and he wasn't half-witted, but the life he lived asked for stupidity and ignorance. His grandfather had been a respectable miller. It was in his father's time that the countryside had begun its decline. His father had worked as a hired man and lived in a shack. When the Lehigh Canal was abandoned several remote buildings along its banks—buildings that had been used as kitchens for the mule drivers—were also abandoned. Simon's father moved his family into one of these and decided to farm for himself. He only half tried to make a living out of the poor soil. He had never learned to read or speak English. He believed in the powers of the Prince of Darkness, and when young Simon's arm was speared with a pitchfork, his father tried to heal the wound with cobwebs and an incantation. The wound became infected and Simon's arm had to be amputated.

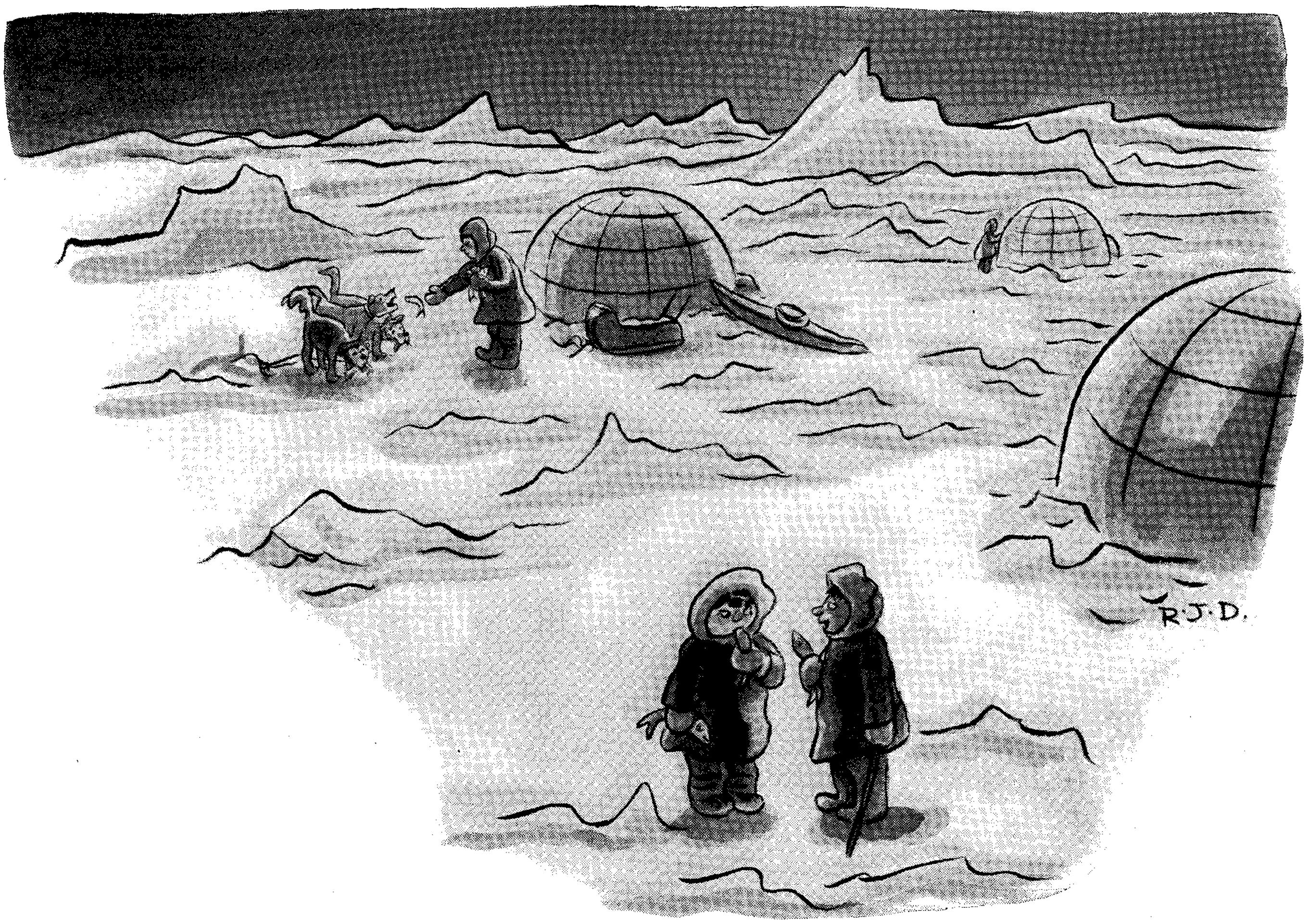
"All you ever think of is work, work, work!"

After his father's death Simon married one of his cousins and lived on in the canal kitchen. Each spring the Delaware flooded his lower fields and washed away part of the remaining topsoil. The summers were hot and dry and the river ran so low that the shale bottom showed even in midstream. Simon's wife, the woman Mrs. Blessure had seen in the doorway, felt that the land they lived on was bewitched. She was a sickly, nervous woman, and Mrs. Blessure's face had looked to her like the face of a witch. She had gone back into the kitchen immediately and taken the precaution of covering her child with a blanket.

Simon came to work for Mrs. Blessure as he had promised. On his first day he saw her copy of "The Long Lost Friend" on a table in her living room when he brought flowers into the house, and after that he wouldn't go inside. Because he never talked willingly, Mrs. Blessure tried in various ways to draw him out. She asked him about his child, how old he was and what he was named. He told her. She said sadly that her two children had married. When she was shopping in Frenchtown one day, she saw some colored sponges and bought two to give Simon for his little boy. He did not thank her; he simply put them in his pocket and went down over the fields.

His wife was boiling clothes in the kitchen that night when he got home. The little boy was lying in a box on the floor. Simon tossed the sponges to him and watched him play with them for a minute. His wife asked him where he had got them and he told her. She took the sponges away from the child and threw them into the fire. When Simon went out into the yard to wash at the pump, his wife picked up the boilerful of clothes and started to cross the room. Either the boiler weighed too much or she had taken hold of it in the wrong way, for she lost her grasp on one handle and the boiling water spilled over the child. He screamed. The room was full of steam. The boiling water scalded the woman's feet and she began to cry at her own pain. She picked up her son. His face and his body were blistered and livid.

SIMON did not return to Mrs. Blessure's on the next day or the next. She spoke to the storekeeper about his disappearance. "Simon's old-fashioned" was all he had to say. Simon's failure angered her, for she had agreed to pay



"What are you going to be when you grow up?"

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him more than a fair wage and she expected him to be dependable.

Early one pleasant August evening she walked to Raubstowne and up the towpath again. The valley was vast and still. The breadth and lightness of the sky reminded her of February. She was in general pleased with the way things had gone. She hadn't read a paper or listened to the radio for weeks. Through her own cunning and foresight she had escaped all the disasters of her own time; single-handed, she had stopped the clock. She thought charitably of the nervous gatherings there would be in Northeast Harbor and Southampton. She saw no one and she was seen by no one as she walked through Raubstowne. Ducks and chickens and guinea hens were hunting in the dirt road. She heard the hooting of the branch-line train and from the top of a hill saw train smoke piling up against the pure light and the cool evening air. She buttoned up her Patterson & Romaine cardigan. It was cold and damp by the canal, and she told herself that she should have worn a heavier sweater.

An ugly yellow lamp was burning in one of Simon's windows. "Hello," Mrs. Blessure called, her breath made visible by the dampness. "Simon? Is Simon there? Is anybody there?" Simon's wife came out onto the porch. Her man had gone hunting, she said. Wouldn't the lady like to sit down and wait? Mrs. Blessure's legs were tired and so she sat down on the edge of the porch. Simon's wife went into the house to get a knife.

A solitary life and middle age had given Mrs. Blessure one abnormal worry—that fire would come someday and consume her country house. Whenever she went away, even if it was only to go to the post office, she went through all the rooms, looking for cigarettes she might have left lighted, emptying all the ashtrays, breaking up the fire, and telling Mrs. Sickafuss to be careful about the stove. As she sat on the edge of Simon's porch she noticed an unnatural light in the sky. It was the rising moon, but it looked to her like a fire and it came from the direction of her house. She called out, "I don't think I'll wait for Simon! Will you tell him to come and work for me on Friday?" Then she stood up.

This sudden movement gave Simon's wife, who was standing at her back, the courage to strike. Mrs. Blessure said "Oh!" and fell on her face in the long grass. There was no sound but Simon's wife's sobbing as she put the knife again and again into the prostrate woman. Then she dragged the body down into the canal. The waters of the canal moved in a sluggish current, as Mrs. Blessure had noticed, and in the space of a few days her remains journeyed through Upper Black Eddy and Lower Black Eddy, through Tinicum and Erwinna. Her body was not discovered until late the following year and her death remained a mystery.

—John Cheever

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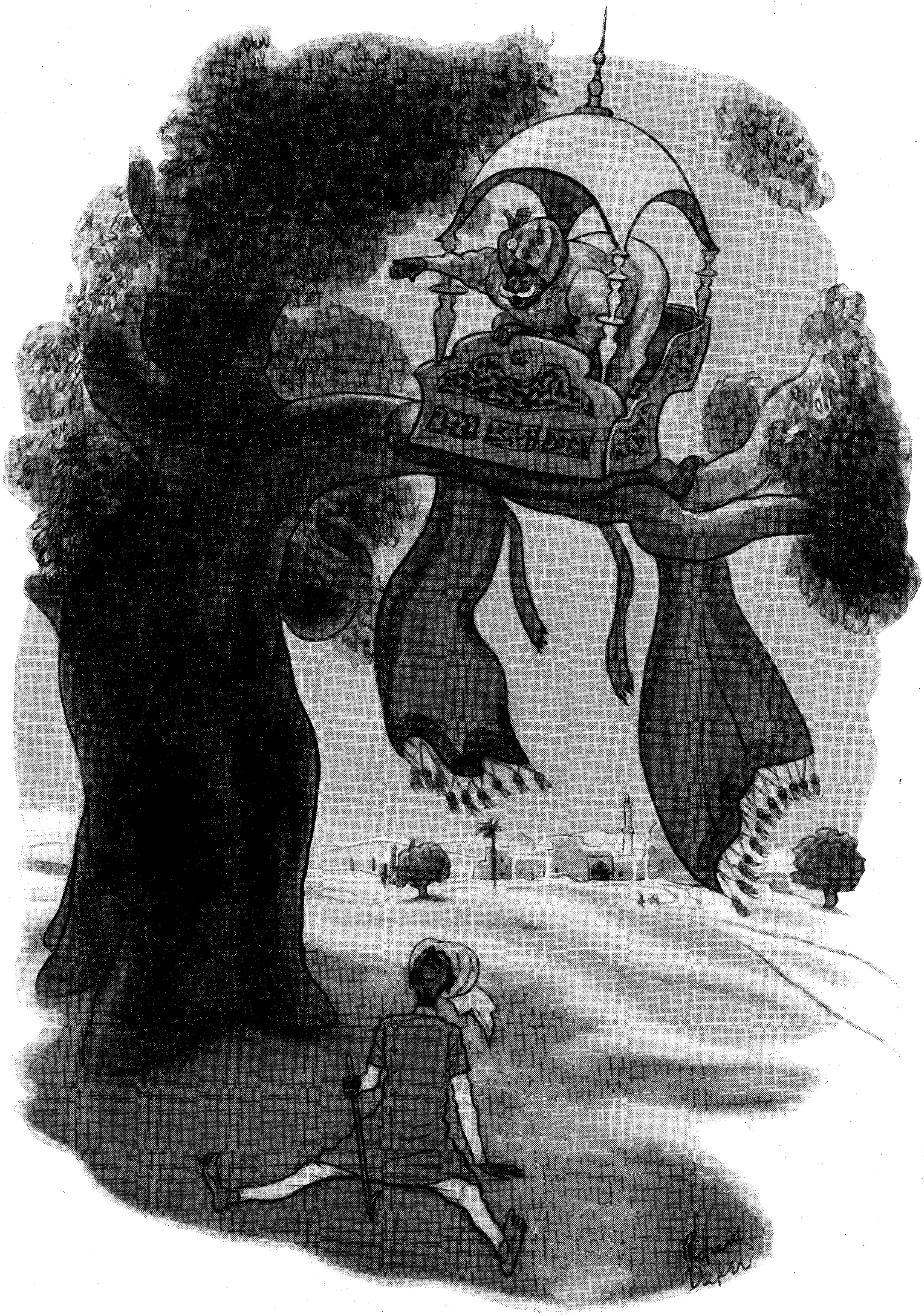
The bride and broom are housekeeping in their newly furnished apartment at 18 North Tremont Avenue, Greensburg.—*Irwin (Pa.) Republican Standard and Westmoreland Journal.*

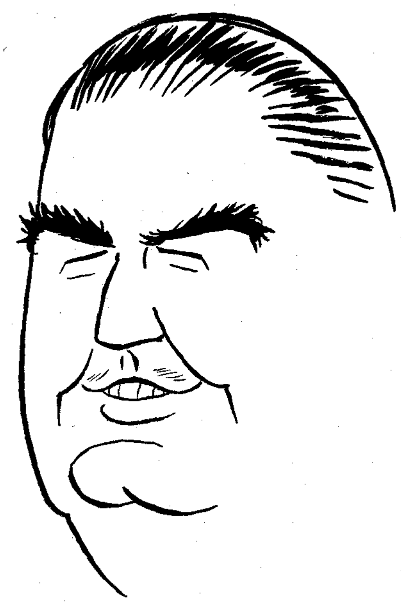
Well, we've got a war to win.


Richard Decker

“*Don’t just sit there—go after the elephant!*”

PROFILES

MR. MILLER AND MR. HYDE—I



GILBERT MILLER, the theatrical producer, is a man whom people love to explain. When Miller's friends run out of listeners, they can be happy just explaining him to one another in earnest little chats like one that took place the other night between a fashionable young woman and a successful playwright in the lobby of the Henry Miller Theatre after the first act of "Harriet," Miller's most recent production.

"Gilbert sometimes seems abrupt and even rude, but I feel that it's simply because he's terribly *shy*," said the lady, uttering this familiar defense of bad manners in the illustrious as earnestly as though she had invented it.

"He has none of the defenses of artificiality," the playwright said. "He is Nature's child, fundamentally kind, generous, intensely loyal to his friends, inevitably misunderstood."

"Yes, isn't he!" the lady agreed enthusiastically. "I think of Gilbert as terribly naïve in a sort of *Irish* way—you know, *fey*. And of course a complete artist in the theatre, don't you think?"

"Absolutely," said the playwright. "His taste is exquisite and his attention to detail is staggering—"

"And he is definitely *not* a snob, as some people accuse him of being," the lady interrupted. "He loathes the social game, and I always feel he would be much happier staying home and playing his Viennese records. He's a *simple* person, really, just a simple, sensitive, charming person."

"Oh, come," said the playwright, seeming to tire of a dialogue over which he had only partial control, "Gilbert's a son of a bitch, and we both know it."

The interesting thing about this conversation, to other students of Miller, is that all of it is true. He is a variable man, and his transitions from one mood to another are so swift and often so apparently causeless that, as one lacerated pal put it, "You can't depend on his friendship, but you can't depend on his enmity either." A Hollywood acquaintance, watching Miller in action, expressed an opinion that mystified several people for a while. "That Miller, he's a regelar Freddie March," he said, leaving his interpreter to explain that Miller's behavior suggested Fredric March's in the title rôles of the picture "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The comparison is irresistible to anyone who knows Miller. Normally (or as Dr. Jekyll), he is jovial, entertaining, chatty, and unruffled by any cracks about himself which he may hear popping around him. When Arthur Richman, who wrote "The Awful Truth," one of Miller's successful productions, remarked to a friend, "You have to know Gilbert to dislike him," Miller heard about it and called up Richman to compliment him on a good line, laughing good-naturedly. His laugh is rich and throaty, a plump man's laugh, and his voice is high—two characteristics which contrast strangely with the swarthiness of his appearance and the glitter of his small, exceptionally bright eyes. He looks a little like one of the larger and later Roman emperors, and he moves purposefully but with a disillusioned air, like an overburdened sheep dog.

When he is overtaken by his personal Mr. Hyde, his wrath descends impartially upon the great and upon the humble who cannot answer back. In 1927, Miller brought Leslie Howard from England to play opposite the late Jeanne Eagels in "Her Cardboard Lover." After the opening night at the Empire Theatre, Howard was the town's pet, and John Donnelly, house manager of the Empire, hung a portrait of him in the theatre lobby. A picture in the Empire lobby, along with those of Sarah Bernhardt, Maude Adams, John Drew, and other great players who have acted there in the fifty years since the theatre was built, means almost as much to a young actor as a niche in Westminster Abbey might mean to a Bloomsbury scribbler. Donnelly's tribute to Howard was justified, but Miller, coming into the theatre later that day, saw the picture and was annoyed because he hadn't been consulted about it. With a bull-like lunge, he climbed onto a cushioned seat under Howard's portrait, tore the picture from the wall, and threw it to the floor, smashing the glass and the frame. "Who did this?" he yelled, scrambling down from the seat. Donnelly, attracted by the noise, admitted that he had hung the picture. What Miller said to him is obscured by time and by the fact that people who have witnessed Miller's rages wince, close their eyes, and shake their heads when they are asked to repeat his actual words. Such words, they think, are better forgotten. When the storm was over, the Howard picture was repaired and rehung, with Miller's approval and even, as he was then able to point out, at his suggestion.

A refinement of the Miller temper came to light one Christmas not long ago when he was angry with a member of his office staff about something or other and gave him the task of counting out gifts of money for the office personnel and sealing each amount into an envelope bearing the recipient's name. The employee sorted and enclosed money for the whole office force before he discovered that there was no Christmas present for him at all. Miller's methods of getting rid of erring employees range from sudden dismissal to a kind of patient campaign warranted to make the hireling sick of his job. It was probably such tactics of Miller's that led Robert E. Sherwood, the playwright, who is a gentle and slow-speaking man, to make a famous remark one time when he was faced by the distasteful chore of firing the director of one of his own plays. "I haven't the temperament or the experience to handle a situation like this," Sherwood told the director forlornly, "and when it arises I do not ask what would Jesus do, or what would Abe Lincoln do, but I ask what would Gilbert Miller do—and then I cannot do it."

Miller's two most intimate friends are E. Ray Goetz, the retired producer, and Alexander Ince, the Hungarian publisher, for whom Miller backed the late *Stage* magazine. Both men deny that their chum's unpredictable temper is the reason he is not universally adored. Goetz says it is because Miller has a preoccupied air that makes people think he isn't listening when they try to talk to him. "Don't fool yourself," Goetz adds. "He can quote every word two years later." Ince, a slight, lively man, is more eloquent. "People in the theatre are full of emotions they got to use," he says, "and they can't love anybody they can't feel sorry for once in a while. Take Charlie Dillingham. He was constantly broke, so everybody loved Charlie Dillingham. Take Max Gordon. He went broke, got sick, and was quivering in a hospital for months, so everybody loves Max Gordon. Al Woods—one million people will tell you about the time they dashed into Al's hotel room just in time to grab him as he was throwing himself out of the window. So everybody loves Al Woo[illegible]t Gilbert Miller? Listen. When [illegible]t lost his money in the stock market in 1929 and 1930, he had four hits running in New York—'Journey's End,' 'Berkeley Square,' 'Dishonored Lady,' and 'Candlelight'—and six shows doing from fair to terrific in London. When he had one of his worst years in the theatre, in 1933, he made a fortune in foreign exchange, selling the dollar short all over Europe. Also, he was born to an advantageous position in the theatre as the son of a famous actor, and he is married to Kitty Bache, the daughter of Jules Bache, the financier. Can anybody feel sorry for such a man? No. Therefore"—Ince smiles and spreads his hands—"very few people love Gilbert Miller."

The society of Europeans, relaxed and worldly, soothes and becomes Miller, who knows Europe better than he knows Shubert Alley. His familiarity with the French, German, Hungarian, and Viennese theatre and his gift for languages distinguish him from theatrical producers like Al Woods, for instance, who is said to have moved fretfully from the Crillon to Claridge's, the first time he visited Paris, because he couldn't pronounce "Crillon." Miller speaks French, German, Italian, and Spanish well, and can get along in Hungarian. A great raconteur in congenial company, he likes to tell stories involving the use of two or three languages, and this has always made a hit with the cosmopolitan people he came to know in his travels before the war. When one of his preoccupied moments overtakes him, he can also interrupt, outshout, or brush off the same people in any one of five languages, and there are some admirers who find his ruthlessness refreshing. "You see," Miss Margaret Case of *Vogue* recently explained to an acquaintance who had received the full Miller treatment and was vibrating under it, "Gilbert is not quite a *civilized* person." Miss Case's tone was fond and implied that "civilized" was, in her opinion, just another word for "hackneyed."

OF SUMMER TO COME

I was thinking
of a great swan rocking himself along
in a public park which is the world.
The war is done. A cripple and a child
share the bench with me, each looking at the swan.
And that sublime one—he
sees us without letting on. The
mirror he moves upon reflects us also, for him.
Those dives to lake bottom—
are they not part consternation?
We are so obviously bereft, the cripple, child, and I
under our palm tree, commanding the flowered borders.
Then! then! the swan raises his lordly head
from contemplation, and fixing his gaze a moment,
his whole attention,
gives us of his whiteness,
his infinite grace,
moving on.

—S/Sgt. William Justema

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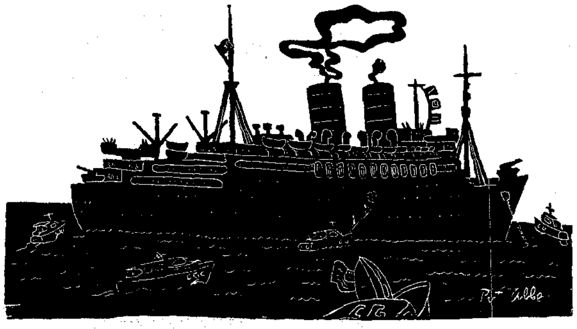
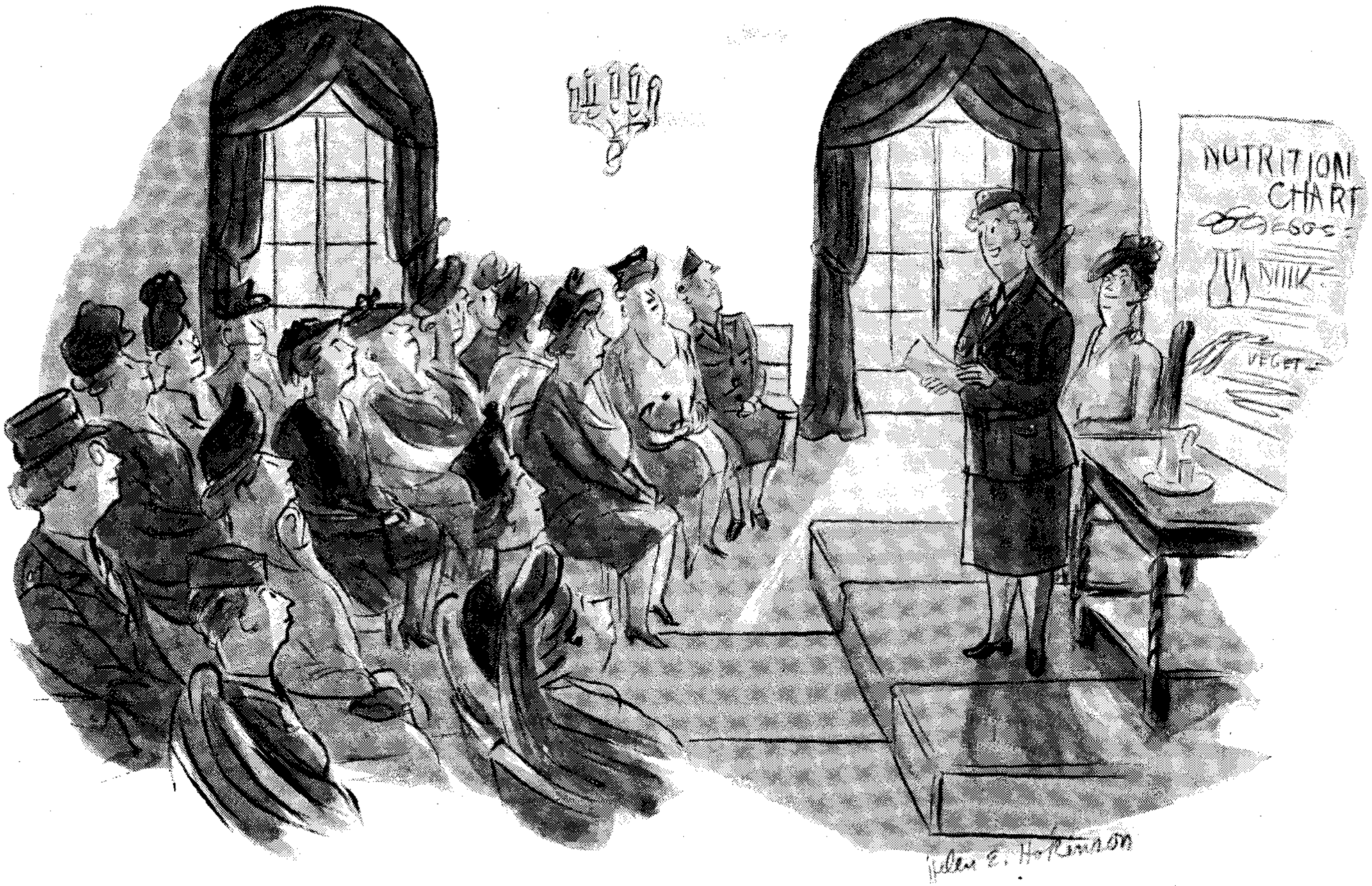
SOME of the friends who like to interpret Miller have reasoned it out that his unhackneyed behavior is a luxury he allows himself as a solace for a lonely and neglected childhood, but people who grew up with him say that he was never any more frustrated than any other celebrity's child. Miller's own account of his early days is voluble but hampered by his conversational style, which is lively but cluttered. Ask him where he was born, and you are likely to get three unrelated anecdotes, two in French and the other about Charles Dillingham's reply to the difficult actress who complained to him that she was playing to an empty theatre. "Dillingham asked her why she didn't call up her first husband and get him to paper the house," Miller chuckles. "Her first husband was a paperhanger, you know, and she was trying to forget it."

For the record, Miller was born in New York fifty-nine years ago this July, the second son of Henry Miller, the actor manager, and the former Bijou Heron, who had been an actress until she married Miller and retired from the stage. Gilbert had an older brother, Henry, Jr., who was called Jack and who died years ago at the age of twenty-eight, and a younger sister, Agnes. Agnes married Tim McCoy, the movie cowboy hero, who is now a lieutenant colonel in the Army, and had two sons by him, D'Arcy and Gerald McCoy. When the McCoy marriage ended in divorce some years ago and Agnes remarried, Gilbert Miller persuaded her to let him send Gerald to Yale and to change his name legally to Miller. Gerald Miller is now a lieutenant in the Army and his brother, D'Arcy McCoy, is serving in a Canadian tank corps. Agnes Miller's second marriage was also unsuccessful, and, resuming her maiden name, she recently joined the Waacs and is an officer candidate at the First WAAC Training Center in Des Moines. The maternal grandmother of Gilbert, Agnes, and Jack Miller was Matilda Heron, one of the first actresses to play Camille in America and the first translator of "La Dame aux Camélias" into English. Miss Heron's version, in which she coolly changed the name of Dumas's heroine from Marguerite Gautier to Camille, has become the standard English translation, and Gilbert Miller still enjoys meeting baffled Frenchmen who ask him what this Ca-





"Sometimes I think we are apt to forget just how versatile haddock can be."

• •

mille is doing in the place of Dumas's Marguerite. "My grandmother fixed that," he tells them.

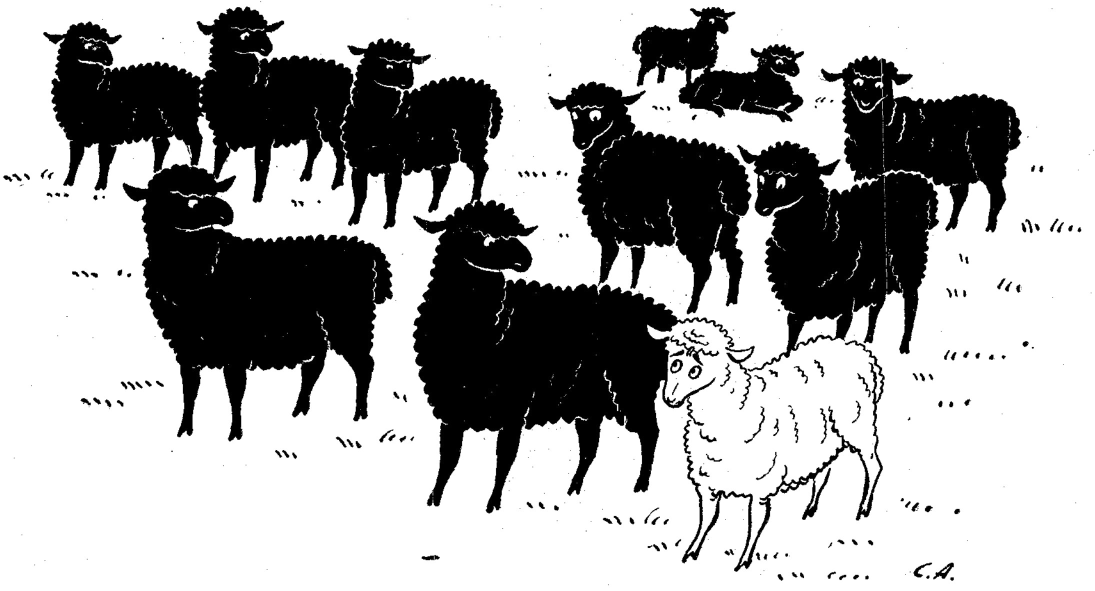
Henry Miller was not wholeheartedly a family man and he seems to have regarded his children, especially Gilbert, with a quizzical detachment which occasionally flowered into insult. Once, when the elder Miller was starring in "Cyrano de Bergerac," an admirer called on him in his dressing room at the theatre and noticed a wig block, the featureless dummy actors keep their wigs on when they are not in use. "What's that?" the visitor asked. "It's a bust of Gilbert," Miller replied at once. Bee Drew Devereaux, who is John Drew's daughter and was a childhood friend of Gilbert, insists that Henry Miller was sacrificing truth for the sake of a laugh, for Gilbert, she says, was a handsome boy, closely resembling her cousin, John Barrymore. Miller admits his former beauty and calmly accepts the start of surprise with which strangers receive news of it. "Would you believe it?" he says amiably. The Henry Millers and the John Drews were friends, and Mrs. Miller and her three children spent several summers in the eighteen-nineties at Mrs. Raynor's boarding house in Westhampton, where the Drews also boarded with their daughter and their nephews and niece, Lionel, John, and Ethel Barrymore. Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Drew were Auntie Bijou and Aunt Dodo to all the children, but for Mr. Drew, who was always known as Uncle Jack to his family and close friends, Gilbert invented a special nickname; he called him Uncle Turveydrop, after the Dickens character who was "a model of deportment." Lionel Barrymore, who, it was generally conceded among the Westhampton group, would never amount to much, was known as Sloppy Joe. The Drews and the Barrymores called Gilbert Gillypod, and Ethel Barrymore, who has since starred in Gilbert Miller productions of "The Constant Wife" and other plays, could always brighten the darkest moment of a rehearsal by calling Miller Gillypod again. At the sound of that name, spoken in Miss Barrymore's thrilling voice, he would relax into a sigh and a reminiscent beam. Miller's chief recollection of Jack Barrymore during the Westhampton days is that he and Jack built a boat in which they sailed away forever, across Moriches Bay, leaving a note that said, "Pursuit is useless. Do not attempt it." They didn't come home until suppertime, as Miller recalls it.

When Gilbert was twelve his mother took him to Europe, where he spent the next seven years going to Catholic schools in Germany, France, and Spain. In Dresden, he made himself unpopular with his teachers by rolling derisively in a classroom aisle, one time, when a German pupil rose and delivered in a Teutonic roar a poem beginning, "*Muttersprache wunderbar, ach! Wie klingt es schön und klar.*" This guttural shout, describing the beauty of the mother tongue and how softly it falls on the ear, was too much for Miller. He still speaks German the way Beethoven might put a nickel in a juke box, tentatively and full of hate. He was happier at a French school in Passy, where a sympathetic *frère* announced, on Gilbert's arrival, that he was putting him at table in the refectory with "seven other little Americans" to ward off homesickness. Gilbert rapidly learned French and Spanish, both with a strong Argentinian accent, from the seven other little Americans, all of whom turned out to be from Buenos Aires. He lost the accent later and his French is now Parisian. The Henry Millers separated while Gilbert was abroad, and when he returned to America, at the age of nineteen, he went to live in a bachelor flat on Murray Hill. He carried a cane, was addicted to overcoats with fur collars, and had such a natty, international air that his father took to referring to him as Count the House.

TO the impartial biographer, Gilbert Miller's career, from the time he was nineteen until his thirty-second year, resembles the progress of a man walking under water. In 1904, he joined the Marines and served two years in Haiti. Back in civilian life in New York, he worked in a bank for a while and then underwent a brief spell of acting. His Continental aura had impressed Amelia Bingham, a popular actress of that day who was planning to produce and star in a play with a French name, "Olympe," and Gilbert found himself playing a footman in the show. Later, in stock companies, road companies, and a production called "Julie Bon-Bon," he quickly became known as one of the worst actors anybody connected with these enterprises had ever seen, and his performances were not improved by the occasional appearance of his father, who would turn up in a front row and just sit staring at him. "Your carriage has improved, and so has your diction," he told Gilbert after beholding him as the juvenile lead in "Zira," a romantic comedy. "You have gained poise. There are unquestionably many parts you can play. What I have just witnessed is not one of them." When Gilbert was twenty-three, Henry Miller removed him from the stage, as a gardener might pick a bug off a rose, and put him to work as company manager of the Henry Miller outfit. Nine years later, in 1916, Gilbert made his first independent attempt to better his condition when his father, in collaboration with Al Woods, arranged for a London production, with an English cast, of "Daddy Long-Legs," the sentimental comedy which the elder Miller and Ruth Chatterton had played in New York and on tour. Choosing a weekend when his father happened to be out of town, Gilbert went to Al Woods and got him to agree to send him to England as company manager for the show. When Miller *père* returned to town and heard about it, he rang up Woods violently. "Don't *do* this horrible thing!" he shouted. "Don't you know my son will ruin the whole production? Stop everything until I get there—I'm coming right down to your office in a taxi." In spite of the scenes that followed, Woods stood by his agreement with Gilbert, and soon the young company manager gratefully sailed for England.

He regards this assignment as the beginning of his career as a producer, but circumstances and the passing of time have slightly obscured his gratitude to Woods. In 1929, in New York, Gilbert Miller produced "Candlelight," a play to which Woods owned the moving-picture rights. Soon afterward Woods sold the picture rights to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for $20,000, agreeing to pay his partner half. Woods had by that time fallen upon a run of hard luck and his long-simmering debtors attached the Hollywood money before he could pay Miller his share. Woods now admits his fault in not paying up promptly and agrees that Miller had a just complaint, but it was Gilbert's method of complaining, he says, that broke his heart. Miller sued him at once and Woods went into bankruptcy. Some theatre people, including Woods, believe that he might have avoided bankruptcy if Miller's lawsuit had not given him the final shove into financial ruin.

The London job with "Daddy Long-Legs" is a milestone to Miller chiefly because it brought about his first business contact with Charles Frohman, Inc. Frohman was an old friend and associate of Henry Miller, and Gilbert had once had a rocking horse named Charlie Frohman, after the producer, but the relationship never got out of the nursery until "Daddy Long-Legs" proved to be such a hit at the Duke of York's in London that Gilbert extended his lease on the theatre, which was owned by the Frohman company. After the death of Charles Frohman on the Lusitania, in 1915, control of the company had passed to Alf Hayman, its cigar-chewing, tough-talking general manager, whom Henry Miller once frostily referred to as "the imitation rough diamond." Shortly before his own death, six years later, Hayman sold the company to Adolph Zukor and Jesse Lasky of Famous Players-Lasky, a corporation which had absorbed Paramount, at that time a film-distribution and sales company. The Paramount-Famous Players-Lasky combination became Paramount Pictures in 1935. In 1920, Zukor and Lasky, travelling abroad, looked up Gilbert Miller, the lessee of one of the London theatres they had acquired along with Charles Frohman, Inc. Miller had by then managed for his father the English productions of such plays as "Nothing But the Truth," "Monsieur Beaucaire," and "Too Many Cooks," and he had developed business and social relations with Englishmen important in the theatre, including Charles Hawtrey, Charles B. Cochran, and Henry Ainley. He had also served in the war, in Paris, as a first lieutenant in the Intelligence Division of the American Army. In 1921, he returned to the United States as general manager of Charles Frohman, Inc., a position he occupied until 1932, at a salary of $1,000 a week plus fifty per cent of the Frohman profits. His contract allowed him to spend six months of each year in Europe, and

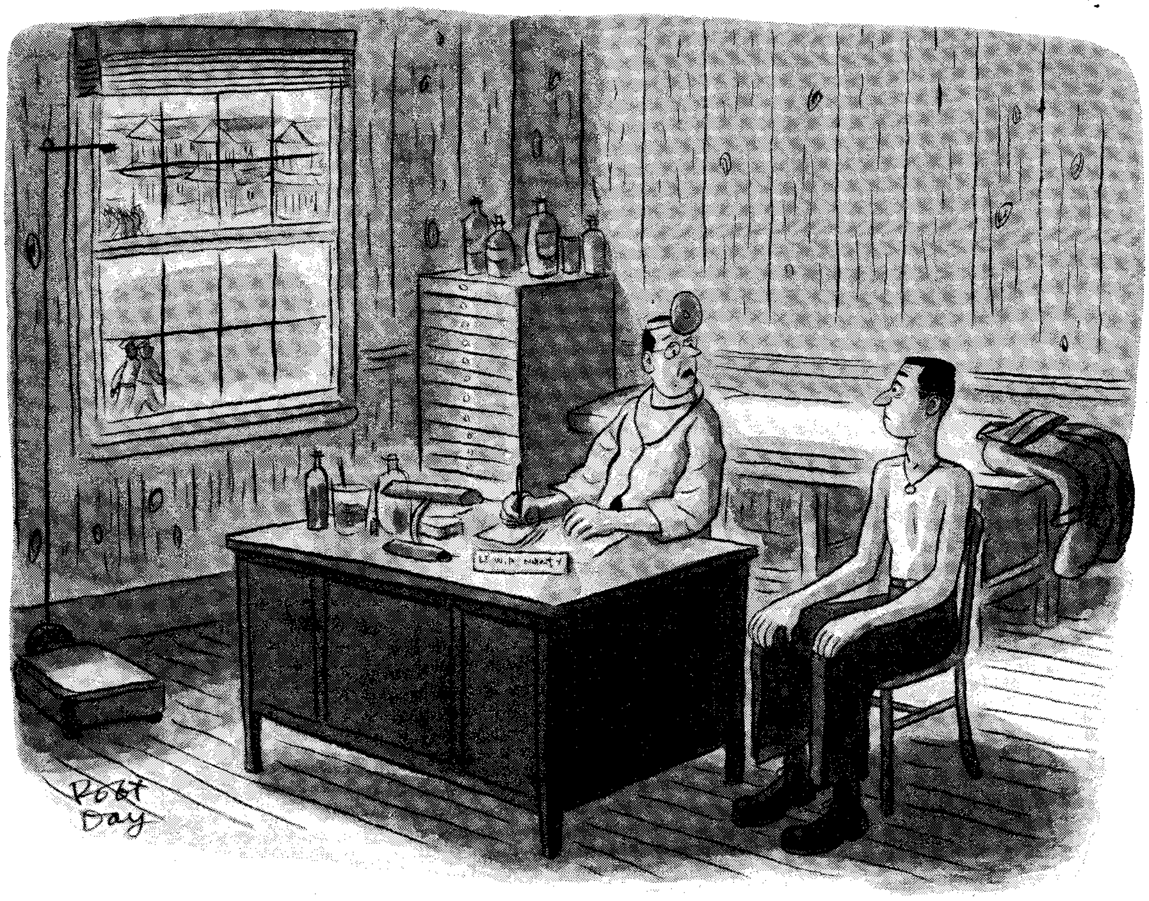


he celebrated its signing by leaving almost immediately for Budapest, where he bought Ferenc Molnár's play "The Swan," which Victor Jacobi, the Hungarian composer, had told him about in New York.

The Hollywood bosses objected to paying good money for "The Swan" until Zukor said, in one of those canny, elliptical statements peculiar to Hollywood, "Give Miller his head, and if he's wrong maybe we're paying him too much money anyway." Miller's production of "The Swan," with Eva Le Gallienne, Basil Rathbone, and Philip Merivale, ran seven months in New York, and it was followed by other equally successful Hungarian, Viennese, and French adaptations, which included "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter," "The Play's the Thing," "The Captive," "The Late Christopher Bean," and "Her Cardboard Lover." Miller did well, too, with English plays—"The Constant Wife," "Our Betters," "Journey's End," "Berkeley Square," and, more recently, "Oscar Wilde" and "Victoria Regina." In the past twenty-two years—eleven with the Frohman company and eleven as an independent producer—Miller has presented over ninety plays in New York, of which only about twenty were written by Americans. He commissioned young American playwrights, notably Philip Barry, Sidney Howard, and Robert E. Sherwood, to adapt several of his early imported Continental successes, but he was cool toward their efforts to write original plays. A number of people who know the theatre believe that it was partly Miller's discouraging attitude that inspired some of these writers and their colleagues to form the Playwrights' Company, their own highly successful producing organization.

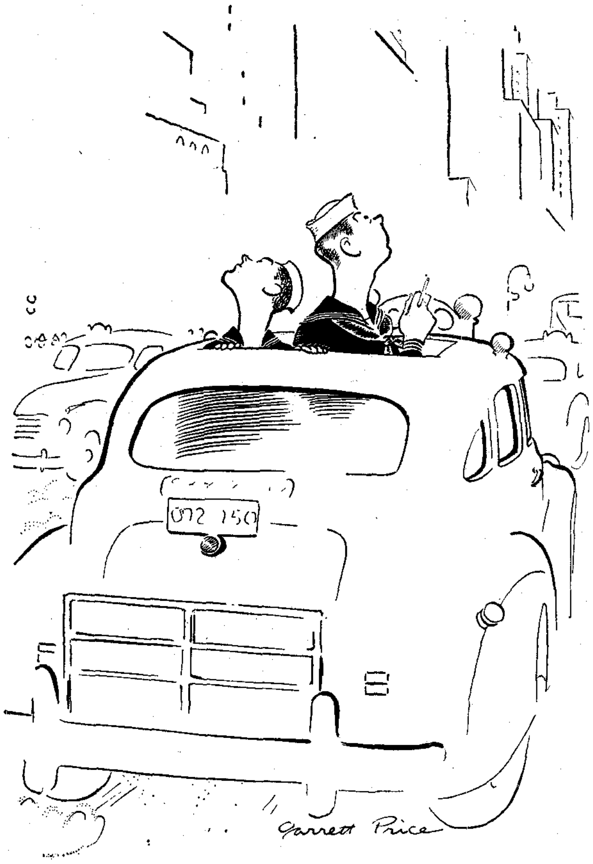
The formation of the Playwrights' Company, in 1938, almost exactly coincided, in fact, with a battle between Miller and the Dramatists' Guild which had been simmering for a couple of years. In 1936, Miller had refused to sign the Guild's basic agreement, which stipulated, among various things, that producers deal with British and other foreign playwrights according to the same (Guild) rules that protect American authors. This clause was designed to safeguard British playwrights, who sometimes dreamily sold their works to American managers for less money than native boys and girls demanded. Miller and the Guild officers bickered along for two years, and during this time Miller arranged for the New York production of two British plays, one by Frederick Lonsdale, the other by J. B. Priestley. Neither Lonsdale nor Priestley found fault with his contract, but the Guild objected and its president, Robert E. Sherwood, brought matters to a head in an interview published in the *Times* and in other New York papers in September, 1938. Sherwood declared that Miller should have pointed out to the British playwrights that the contracts had been drawn up according to his own rules rather than the Guild's, and added that he, and possibly quite a number of fellow-playwrights, would just as soon have no further dealings with such a producer. After a few more parleys, Miller signed the basic agreement that month. The two plays which had hastened the crisis turned out to be scarcely worth it all. "Once Is Enough," by Lonsdale, ran for three months and the Priestley drama, "I Have Been Here Before," lasted two weeks.

The war has closed most European dramatic sources and their loss is a blow to Miller, who has always been better at putting on plays he has seen acted on some other stage than those he is obliged to read from scripts. He is a great reproducer, but theatre people say that as a director he finds it almost impossible to visualize a play he has never seen. Since he likes to direct, this has led to embarrassments. His newest production, "Harriet," which he directed during its early weeks of rehearsal, is the first play in a long time he has had to put on cold, with no performances in London, Budapest, or Vienna to remember. Three weeks before the play opened in New York this March, Helen Hayes, who plays Harriet, was seen to sit down tensely in a corner of the rehearsal stage and fold her lips. This amounts to antics



"Frankly, I don't know what to prescribe. Ordinarily I'd have said get lots of fresh air and exercise, but . . ."

for Miss Hayes, who is revered by everybody in the theatre as one of its gentlest and most tactful actresses. Presently she pounded the arm of her chair with her fist and said, "It's no use, Gilbert, we've got to get a *director!*" She is said to be the only player living who can make Gilbert Miller meek, and next day Miller called in Elia Kazan, the young Group Theatre director who, this season, successfully staged "The Skin of Our Teeth." Kazan gathered the cast around him and started over from the beginning. Miss Hayes and Miller are good friends and share many pleasing memories of the four-year run (in New York and on tour) of "Victoria Regina." Once, when a party was given at the Waldorf-Astoria to celebrate some anniversary of "Victoria," Miss Hayes left at about two in the morning and charged Miller to see that her husband, Charles MacArthur, got home all right. By five o'clock, when MacArthur was ready to go home, it seemed wise to convoy him there, and Miller nobly drove him all the way to the Hayes-MacArthur residence in Nyack, returning to fall groggily into his own bed in New York. Almost at once the telephone woke him, and Miss Hayes demanded to know where Charlie was. Miller said he had driven him home to Nyack. "To Nyack!" Miss Hayes wailed. "Good heavens, Gilbert, I *told* you we were staying at the Waldorf-Astoria!"



MILLER has been married three times. His first wife was Jessie Glendinning, a young actress in his father's company. By that marriage, which ended in divorce, he has a daughter, Dorothy, who married a Canadian and lives with her husband and son in Toronto. Miller is apt to look blank if anyone asks him about his child or his grandchild. His second wife, from whom he was also divorced, was Margaret Allen, whom he met during his first trip to England. In 1927, Kathryn Bache married him in spite of the worried protests of her father, who warned her, among other things, that the theatrical business was a flimsy and undependable source of income. Miller cozily remembers that after the stock-market crash, two years later, his father-in-law said to him, apropos of some investments Miller had made through the Bache brokerage office, "*You* don't have to worry—you've got a good business!" The Millers and Mr. Bache are an amiable trio, and they all live together in Bache's house on Fifth Avenue, of which the Millers occupy the two top floors. The house also contains Bache's art collection, which he recently presented to the State of New York with the understanding that the house is to become a museum after his death. This gesture is not without its practical side, since it enables Bache to live in the house on museum terms, or tax-free. On certain days specified by the Bache office in Wall Street, the public is admitted to the first three floors to view the collection, and some thirty or forty students, painters, and possibly a few housewives curious to see the inside of a Fifth Avenue mansion wander through the rooms in the wake of a guide or a teacher from an art school. Sometimes sensitive newcomers are brought to a sudden, astonished halt in a small study on the second floor, where they are faced by two life-sized, tinted, terra-cotta heads of Bache and Mrs. Miller, standing importantly between a Frans Hals portrait and a Rembrandt Christ.

The Millers live a full life socially, entertaining, dining out, and going to the theatre, where Miller, for whom all theatre seats are too small, is often possessed by a creeping form of his Hyde alter ego and is saved from an outburst only by his talent for going to sleep quickly and sleeping throughout a performance. Recently the Millers went to see "The Skin of Our Teeth," which Gilbert, who had turned it down when Thornton Wilder offered it to him, so volubly disliked that Mrs. Miller wanted to leave after the first act. Her husband said no, their seats were in the first row and they would be missed, and he couldn't risk offending his old friends Tallulah Bankhead and Fredric March. As the curtain rose again he dozed off, unaware that the play was proceeding toward the scene in which Miss Bankhead lures Mr. March off the stage into the orchestra pit, which happened to be directly at Miller's feet. He woke up with a start, under the impression that the actors had suddenly chosen to continue the play sitting on his knees, and found March and Miss Bankhead icily regarding him from about a yard away. The Millers left quietly at the next intermission.

Generally Mrs. Miller is philosophical about her husband's drowsiness in the presence of entertainment. The other night, a guest in the Miller apartment pointed to the host, who was sleeping quietly beside a blaring radio. "Gilbert has perfected the knack of sleeping through dramas," his wife explained. "Now he's practicing to be able to sleep through musical comedies too."

—MARGARET CASE HARRIMAN

(*This is the first of two articles on Mr. Gilbert Miller.*)

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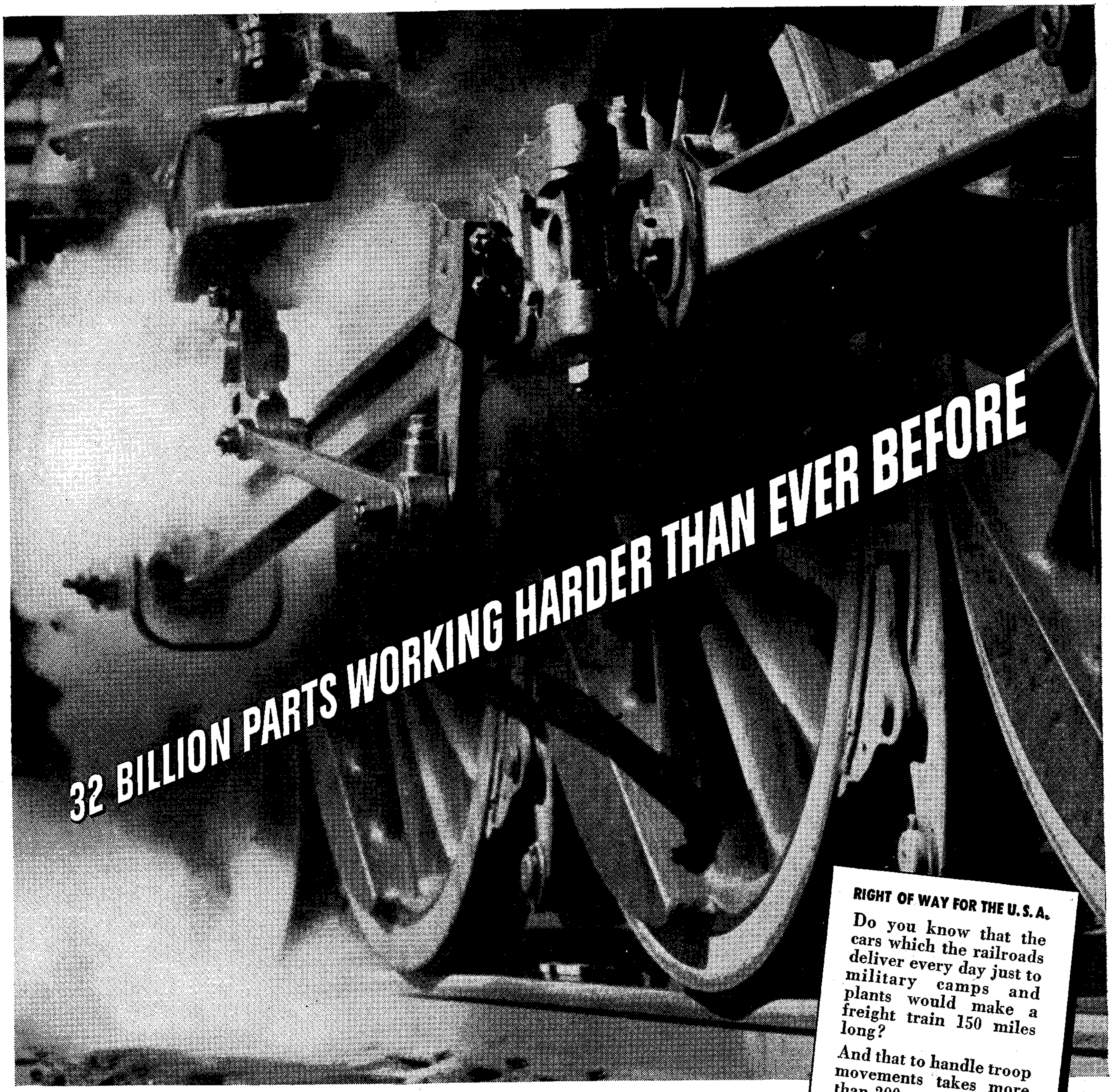
INFATUATION WITH OWN ANECDOTE DEPARTMENT

I think it was Beverley Nichols who used to tell the story of a tedious woman who insisted on boring a modern Elizabeth (Lady Russell) with excessive details of some military hero. "And can you imagine, he was wounded in sixteen places." Lady Russell's reply was final. "I didn't know men had so many places."—*From "John Mistletoe," by Christopher Morley (1931).*

"They say he's been wounded in seventeen places," Uncle Pan says with awe.

"Goodness," says Antigone pertly, "I didn't know men *had* so many places. Hurray, Hector!"—*From "The Trojan Horse," by Christopher Morley (1937).*



RIGHT OF WAY FOR THE U. S. A.

Do you know that the cars which the railroads deliver every day just to military camps and plants would make a freight train 150 miles long?

And that to handle troop movements takes more than 200 special trains a day?

This is something to remember when trains are held up to make way for victory freight, or cars are crowded, or reservations hard to get.

Maybe this will give you an idea of what the railroads are up against –

There are 32 *billion* parts in all the cars and locomotives now in service – 32 billion parts that have to work together and hold together to keep America's wartime traffic rolling.

And no matter how much we need new equipment – the hard fact is that all the material we can get today cannot add up to much against such a total.

So the job confronting the railroads is the same confronting most Americans – the job of doing the best it is humanly possible to do with what we have and can get.

It's a fortunate thing, under the circumstances, that the American railroads worked out in peacetime the teamwork they're putting to such good use today. Any freight car in America can be repaired in any railroad shop in America – wherever it happens to be–without the delay of getting back to "home base."

This is only one example of the cooperation among the nation's railroads, and of the broader cooperation among railroads, shippers and the government – all working together and pulling together to handle the biggest transportation job the world has ever seen.

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

HOME FRONT

SHE began talking to me the minute the train pulled out of Los Angeles. I knew she would. I knew it as soon as she sat down in my Pullman section. She had one of those eager, friendly faces, the kind that lean a little toward you and pin you in your chair. So I turned my head and sat studiously intent on the orange groves moving by faster and faster. It did no good. There was no stopping her. "You going far?" she asked.

"To New York," I said, careful to put no encouragement in my voice.

"My!" she said. "I'm getting off tonight. I'm just going as far as Needles, California."

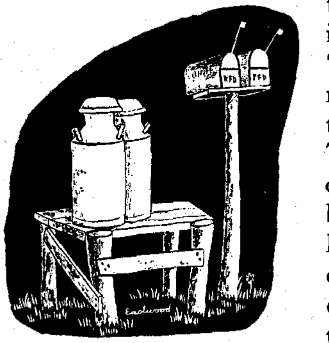
That was a relief, I thought. I could bear anything for half a day. I even managed a polite smile of acknowledgement.

She smiled back happily and said, "Might as well take off our hats, I guess." She reached up, took off her plain little felt hat, and pushed back her hair. It was soft, brown hair, and her eyes were brown and her face was quite young.

"You with the Army?" she asked.

"What?" I said, startled. She indicated the insigne in my suit lapel. "Oh. Yes, my husband is," I said.

The smile she threw me was dazzling. "So is mine," she said. "That's where I'm going now—to join him." She looked out the window and shook her head. "I certainly did hate to leave Los Angeles, though. We were just there a week when Al got orders to go to Needles. He made me stay so I could rest up and get over my cold and he went on ahead. My, I thought Los Angeles was beautiful! And the clerks in the stores and all are so nice to Army people. Needles is pretty awful, I guess, from what Al said. He didn't know whether to have me come there or not. I could tell. He'd call me up and he'd say, 'Well, do you want to come?' And I'd say, 'Well, what do you think?' And he'd say, 'Well, it's up to you.' I didn't know what to do. We'd been moving around so much and it was so lovely being in a nice apartment." She halted for a second, sighed, and rattled on again. "So finally I said, 'Do you think I want to come?,' and then his voice changed." The girl's eyes glowed and she sat up straight on the edge of the seat. "It didn't sound worried any more. It was cocky and he kinda laughed and said, 'Sure. I *know* you want to come!' And I did want to. I knew then I did." The glow died away and she frowned. "But I'm not sure I liked that. His being so sure of me." Her eyes searched mine anxiously. "I don't think it's good to let men be too sure of you, do you?"



It took me a moment to realize that she was in dead earnest. "Oh, I don't know," I said carefully. "It depends on the man. All men aren't alike."

"That's right," she said, her voice full of happiness and relief, as if I'd ended all her doubts.

She fumbled in her purse and pulled out a snapshot. "Here's Al's picture," she said.

I was surprised. I hadn't expected a face as thoughtful and sensitive. "He's very nice-looking," I said.

"Yes, he is!" she said, pleased. "He's a Norwegian." Then she turned to the woman across the aisle. "It's my husband. Would you like to see him?"

"Why yes," the woman said, somewhat startled.

The girl handed the picture across the aisle. "Al told me not to talk to everybody on the train. I always do, but he thinks it isn't dignified. He's always wanting me to be more dignified. Once, though, when we were on the train, I didn't talk to a *soul.* I didn't even *look* at anyone. I walked through the club car and I kept my eyes on the floor the whole time. Usually I look up one side and down the other. Well, when I got to Chicago, I met a cousin of mine and she said, 'Did you see Uncle Jerry? He was on your train.' I was so upset! There I'd missed my own uncle by trying to be dignified." She pulled her skirt down and said cheerfully, "So now I don't pay any more attention to Al."

I glanced at the woman across the aisle and we exchanged smiles.

"I don't suppose your husband really minds, though," I said. "Norwegians are so calm and easygoing."

Her eyes grew round and she said, "Oh no, they're not! They're not a bit! All the ones I've ever known were like volcanoes. They don't say much, maybe, but they seethe inside. Why, once in Virginia—Fairwell, it was—" She flapped her hand at me and said emphatically, "Stay away from Fairwell! That is the *worst* town. They raise the prices for soldiers on paydays and the landlady in our boarding house wouldn't give us a speck of heat. I was cold all the time and miserable and I got the most awful cough that just wouldn't go away. And one night Al and I had a terrible fight. He said such awful things that I just packed up my clothes. I was going to leave him—I really was." She nodded vigorously. "I've got a temper, too, you know. Well, I had my coat on, all ready to go, and Al just sat there, not saying boo. But I looked at him and I knew—oh, I knew as sure as the Lord made little apples that he didn't want me to go. I knew some other things, too, all of a sudden. Isn't it funny how all of a sudden sometimes you know things? I knew that with him it was just like with me talking so much. I know I talk too much, but it's mostly because I'm afraid. Any day they're liable to send Al overseas. And the reason he acted the way *he* did was because he was so worried all the time about me being cold and sick and by myself all day long." She waved her hand in an airy gesture. "Well, after that, nothing Al did ever bothered me. I don't pay any attention to him now when he has fits."

Just then the conductor came along the aisle, calling "Mrs. Gorsen, Mrs. Gorsen!"

"Oh, that's me!" the girl exclaimed. "Only it's pronounced *J*orsen. Nobody ever gets it right at first." Her eyes flew to the envelope in his hand. Then she looked up, frightened. "Yes?" she said.

"Telegram." He held it out.

She reached for it timidly, and in that instant it struck me that she wasn't as young as I'd thought. There were lines around her eyes and mouth that I hadn't noticed before.

AS she ripped open the envelope, I looked out the window. Almost immediately I heard her say, in a low voice, "It's from Al!" When I turned to her, her face was completely forlorn. "They've sent him to another camp. In Texas. He had to leave today."

"Oh, how dreadful!" I cried.

The girl was staring at the telegram in her lap.

"What are you going to do?" I asked, as gently as I could.

"He says he thinks it might be only a temporary move. He's got me a room in Needles. I'll go there, I guess, and wait till he knows where he's going to be stationed next."

"He might even be back in Needles before you know it," I said. "The Army moves people around so crazily." It was all I could think of to say.

"Yes," she said, and looked out the window. She remained quiet for about five minutes, then suddenly she said, "Well, Texas is still in this country."

"It certainly is!" I said.

She pushed the telegram into its envelope and sat looking at it.

"Mrs. Elzabad Gjorsen," she read aloud. "It's spelled G-j-o-r-s-e-n," she explained. Then, glancing at me with a shaky smile, "That's an awful name—Elzabad, isn't it? When Al and I were engaged, he said we'd never inflict that name on any child of ours. I said we would so. Our child was going to be named after him and nothing else. Oh, we had quite an argument about it. But I won out. Elzabad it's going to be." She opened her purse and carefully put the telegram in one of the partitions. "Afterwards I told a friend of mine about our fuss. She was engaged, too, and she was *so* shocked. She said, 'Grace! Do you talk about things like that before you're married?' And I said, 'Certainly. My goodness, if I didn't feel that close to a man when I was engaged, I wouldn't marry him.' First thing I knew she'd broken her engagement. Said she wasn't going to get married until she met someone she felt the same way about as I did Al. Of course now she's an old maid, but I don't think that's my fault"—she searched my eyes anxiously—"do you?"

"No, I certainly don't," I said.

The woman across the aisle caught my eye and smiled. This time I couldn't smile back at her. —EVE GREENE

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DEMOCRATIC & REPUBLICAN
Voters of the 18th, 19th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th and 25th Wards,
GREETINGS:
You are urgently asked to vote for
PHILIP A. BROWN
FOR THE CITY COUNCIL ON TUESDAY, MAY 4TH, 1943

Philip Brown has, from his observations and experiences, predicted that by 1968 or sooner, houses will be heated by hot air sent from the Equator by radio and kept cool in summer by cold air sent from the Frigid Zones. Ice boxes will also be kept cold.

Men of this type with a vision are sorely needed in the City Council during the next 4 years, so do vote for

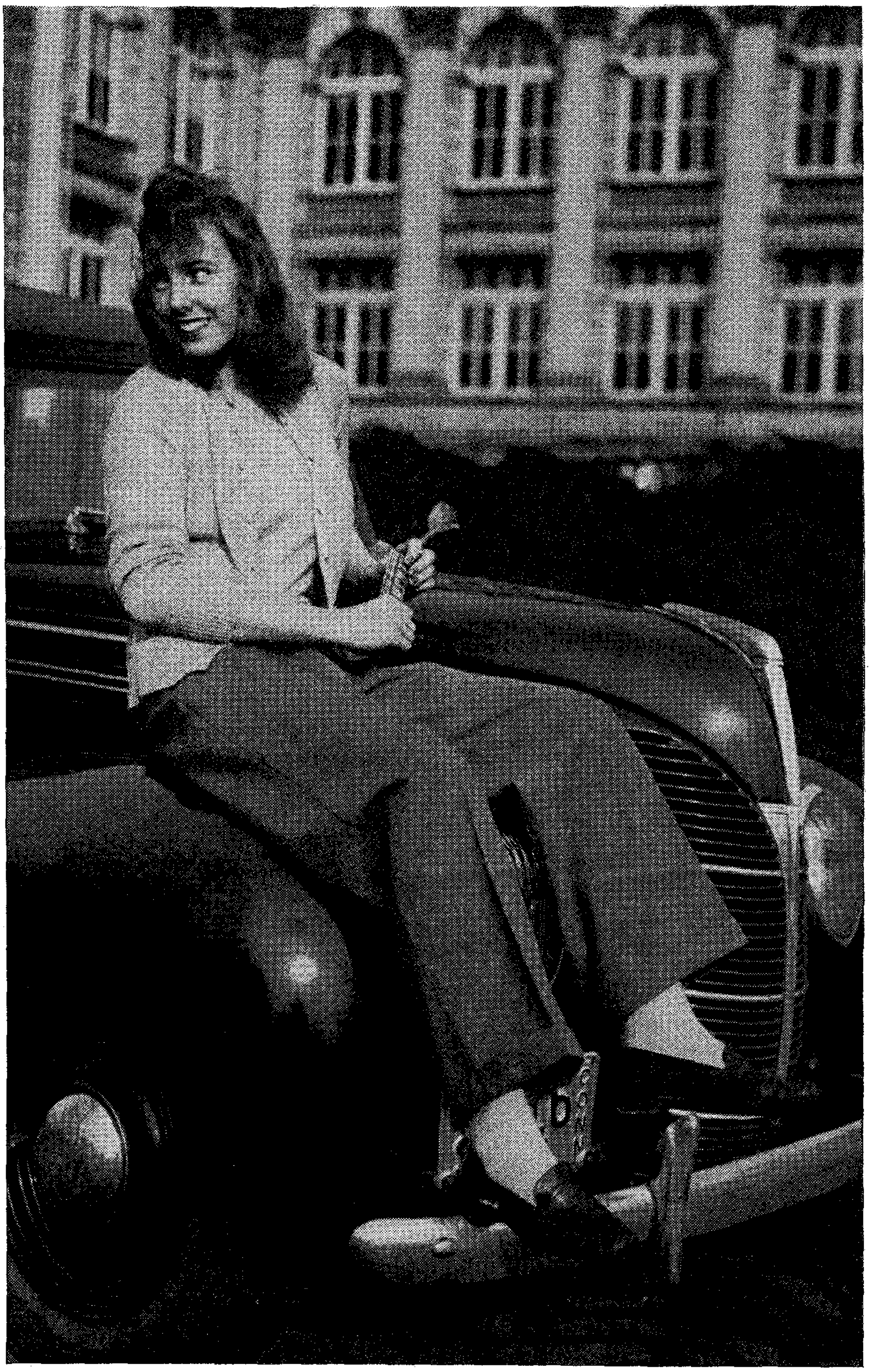
PHILIP A. BROWN
ON TUESDAY, MAY 4TH
Authority of Brown for Council Committee.—*Adv. in the Baltimore Sun.*

Better lay in next winter's coal, though.

history of an American...

HADLEY...

About a year and a half ago a personable young sweater began cropping up in sports circles. A new cashmere—soft and fine and downy as the most blue-blooded aristocrat. And this was an American—born here—more beautiful every season. Today it's become one of Peck's most famous Americanisms, believed in so *hard* that "Hadley" is beginning to take the place of the word sweater. Slipovers, 10.95; cardigans, 12.95.



ELLIOT CLARKE

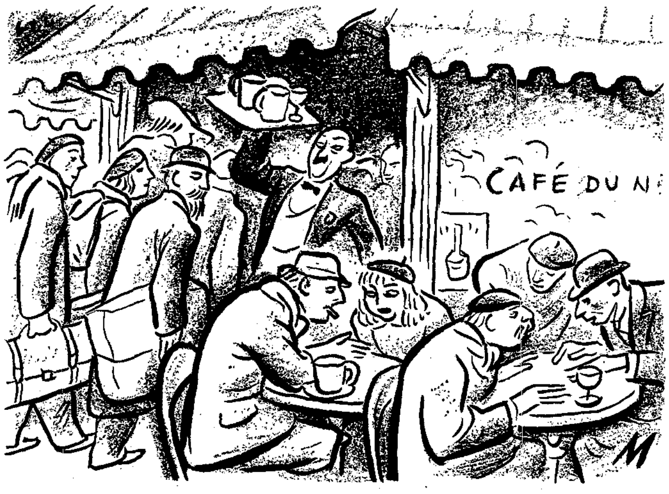
PECK & PECK

NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • DETROIT
MINNEAPOLIS • PHILADELPHIA • ST. LOUIS

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE ESCAPE OF MRS. JEFFRIES—II

[EDITORS' NOTE: This is the second part of a three-part article on the escape of an American woman from Paris. The final part will appear in next week's issue.]



LYONS was Mrs. Jeffries' first stop in her homeward Paris-to-New York flight. After the dramas of German occupation which were constantly shaking Paris, she had expected to find life dull in Unoccupied Lyons, and especially in the shabby, side-street lodging house where she had settled while planning her next move. However, once she had accepted the difference between the French attitude toward recent history that she had known in Paris and the attitude that she found in Lyons, she had an undeniably stimulating sojourn. In Paris the French had been against the Germans. In Lyons, which the Germans were not to march into until nine days before she left, the French were still enjoying being against other French. Lyons proudly rated itself the most excited and exciting city in Unoccupied France. Certainly bombs in the Royalists' Action Française newspaper offices, in Pétain's Legion headquarters, and in Laval's recruiting stations, where French workmen were being enrolled for labor in Germany, were regarded as commonplaces, and so were street riots and clashes between the silk-mill hands, the brutal Darlan police (modelled on the Gestapo), the Vichy police, and the Lyons police, in all possible combinations, and so, too, were arrests, escapes, denunciations, plots, and counterplots. The Lyonnais subsisted on the violences indigenous to their city, which was the Unoccupied receiving end of whatever was shipped out of Germany on the Mulhouse express and whatever sneaked out of Paris on the P.L.M. *rapide*. For the underground anti-Nazi groups in France, Lyons was the reckless halfway house between northern France and Marseilles. In Lyons gun smugglers dictated reports to their confidential secretaries and provided the customary fifty-thousand-franc fees to complacent guards who would wink at a lucky comrade's escape from some Occupied prison, saboteurs held conferences like good businessmen, and draftsmen made blueprints for railway wrecks.

Lyons was the first Unoccupied stop for the escaping Jews, old and young, who never ceased rolling down from the north. The Cathedral's archbishop, Monseigneur Gerlier, boldly adopted a hundred of the foreign Jewish children who had been torn from their parents and sent to concentration camps after a Vichy roundup that had netted ten thousand Jews. French prisoners from Germany who had been wounded by the R.A.F. bombers arrived at the Lyons railway station in coaches which the Germans had carefully labelled "*Blessés par les avions anglais.*" One day, in the station, a trainload of returned French war prisoners just arriving from Germany patriotically threw stones, with all their weak strength, at a trainload of French workmen who, with what even the non-collaborationist French at first esteemed equal patriotism, were just starting off to Germany in exchange for the incoming prisoners.

The various patriots' cafés in Lyons functioned as forums, checkrooms, and occasionally dormitories for patriots' out-of-town friends, their suspicious-looking packages, and their girls. In one of the cafés there circulated a young patriot who was, for his underground group, the official killer of members who squealed. He was green-eyed and handsome, had been a gigolo in a well-known Montmartre *boîte* formerly enjoyed by American tourist ladies, had nervous, beautiful hands that itched at the sight of money, and was, his comrades reported, excellent at what they called serious jobs but unreliable at details of organization, which bored him. He dressed in what he thought was the perfect English manner, but he always looked a little too neat. His father was an electrician. The killer dreamed of a France of the future in which, after the Americans had won, he and his father would install expensive American radios in every house in the nation.

In the patriot groups, generosities were fantastic but not uncommon. Among those who were really working for *la patrie*, aid and money were handed around as if both were magnificently uncostly. The traditional French grip on the banknote seemed finally to have been loosed in a gesture of desperate, tardy patriotism. A thousand francs, or five or ten thousand, could always be raised to send some Frenchman on one of the many militant jobs of *les services* (which is what the underground movements are called), in which the success of a man's assignment could often be proved only by his being imprisoned or shot. Because resistance needs equipment, especially scarce in a land where the conqueror has swept the shelves bare, the cash boxes of *les services* had to be kept overflowing. Even to hire a rope long and strong enough to help a comrade escape from the third story of a prison cost twenty thousand francs, or two hundred dollars at the black-market rate of exchange. Wild and naïve schemes flourished among the patriots, and often worked. One morning Mrs. Jeffries was wakened at her rooming house by a youth who claimed to be an American and said that his father had been a Yankee soldier in the last war. And did the American lady want to go back to New York in a submarine or on a bomber? He could send her free in either one if she could leave in a half hour. She felt that she could not dress so quickly.

WHEN the Americans finally, in the invasion of Africa, on Sunday, November 8th, took their first strategic step toward Europe, Mrs. Jeffries, who had then been in Lyons seven weeks, got the news at breakfast in her favorite patriots' café. The owner came to her table to tell her and offer his felicitations. The clients cheered her. Americans were rare in Lyons and together she and the good news made it a great occasion. "Pétain ordered us to retreat! If we'd only retreated far enough, now we would be in Africa with the Yanks!" one Frenchman shouted to her. When she took out a package of old, bootlegged Lucky Strikes, she was

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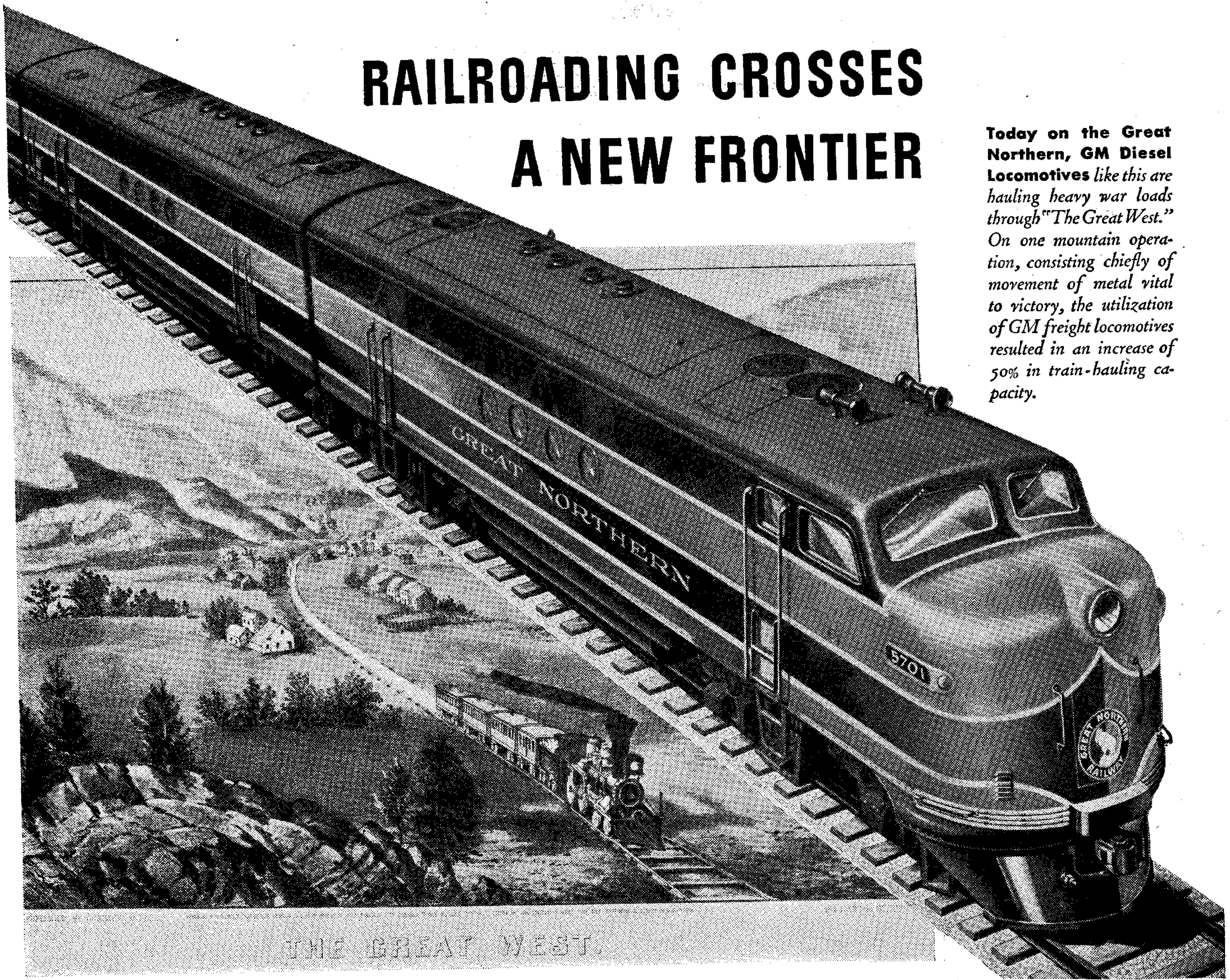

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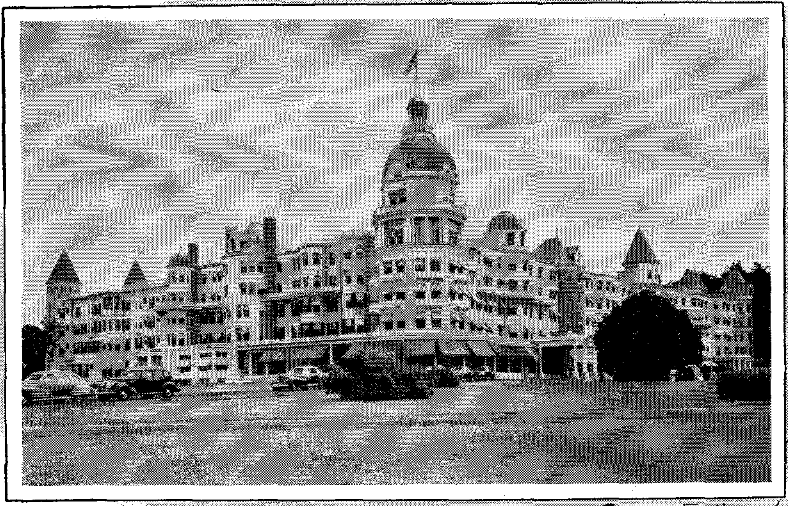
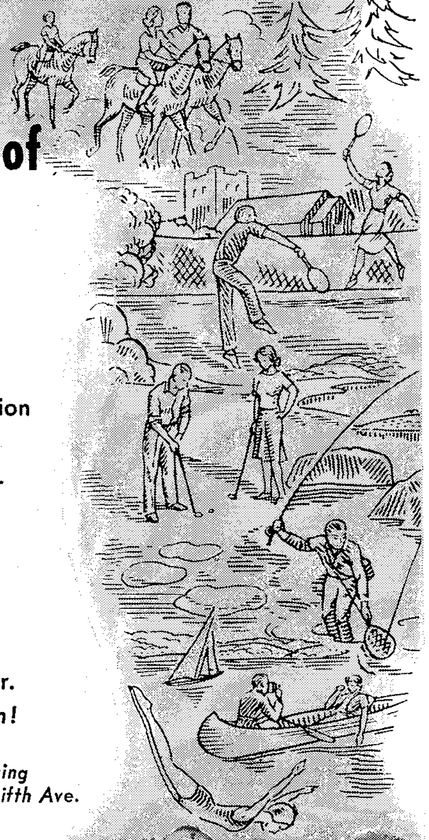
cheered again. To the Lyonnais the Luckies seemed positive proof that the Americans had actually arrived from across the Atlantic.

During the next two days Lyons seethed with excitement and what turned out to be mistaken preparation for its new rôle in France's history. The city, in response to a radioed appeal from General de Gaulle in London, busily prepared a reckless Fighting French street demonstration for Wednesday, which was Armistice Day. Instead, on Wednesday, the Germans marched in, en route for Marseilles and eventually Toulon. At ten o'clock that morning, when Mrs. Jeffries walked out of her rooming house to have breakfast, she found, instead of a de Gaulle parade on the Place Bellecour, Vichy police circling in a protecting ring around a dozen Germans with machine guns, ready, if necessary, for the sullen crowd which had gathered. All day the Germans poured through in camions with equipment which looked old and used and "nothing like 1940," the Lyonnais jeered with satisfaction. But the Germans continued to pour through the city all night, and what was rushed past after curfew in the dark was, as anyone who dared peer out from behind his window curtains could see, powerfully shining and new. There were miles of unscarred tanks, trucks, and troop carriers packed with jolted, drowsing Nazis, gleaming swarms of buzzing motorcycles, and lumbering contingents of immaculate, stiff-necked guns. By morning German *Kommissäre* were domiciled in requisitioned hotels, including the town's finest, the Grand-Nouvel. At first the Lyonnais would not believe their eyes and insisted that the Germans were only resting, *de passage*. Then the city realized that it was occupied. No one in Lyons had seen more than one egg a month for half a year. When the news got around that the Germans were really in residence, the black market unfroze, Lyons swarmed to its restaurants, and there was a binge of five-egg omelettes which produced a municipal bilious attack. To make sure that the Nazis wouldn't get so much as one yolk, Lyons ate its entire stock of thousands of stale eggs in twenty-four hours flat.

Mrs. Jeffries had left Paris, on September 17th, just in time. On September 24th the Paris Nazis had arrested her remaining American women friends and shipped them for detention to a hotel in the Vosges spa town of Vittel. Now Mrs. Jeffries felt that the Germans, in occupying Lyons, were catching up with her too. On November 18th, a week after they had come, she went with her American passport to the Spanish consulate and asked for a Spanish visa, the fourth and most difficult of a quartet of permits upon whose accumulation and synchronization a traveller's departure from France depended. These four legal treasures, coming in time, were wings on a refugee's feet, but late, they could be like stones around a refugee's neck, pulling him down to destruction. The first permit was dependent merely upon the possession of a *carte d'identité* and a passport, and each succeeding one upon the one before; the first, third, and fourth were good for only a month; and it could take three months to obtain the whole set, during which time, just as the fourth was granted, the first and third could expire, and the process, through a series of renewals, would have to start all over again. In despair, some refugees killed themselves after a losing race to make their *papiers* come out even, and others, who had enough money to live on through a first lengthy paper-stamping period of hope, became penniless during the second attempt and, unable to escape, eventually rotted in jails or concentration camps. In war-racked, refugee-ridden Europe, people are no longer people, they are their papers.

In the seven weeks she had been in Lyons, Mrs. Jeffries had, with diligence, accumulated and kept up to date the first three of her permits. The first was her *permis de séjour* from the Rhône prefecture, allowing her to remain in Lyons, where she had no business to be in the first place and where the Vichy police might nab her. Lyons was a refugee bottleneck, so European fugitives were denied *permis* by the hundreds every day, but Mrs. Jeffries, favored as an American by the municipal clerks, some of whom, from the Vichy viewpoint, hadn't yet got into line, obtained her *permis* after only a week of obstinate finagling. Once she had this No. 1 stamp, she could safely go to the Sûreté and ask for her stamp No. 2, a Vichy France *visa de sortie*. Vichy's visa took four weeks. Paper No. 3 was her Portuguese visa, good for only a month, which took two weeks to obtain and on the possession of which her subsequent Spanish visa, also good for only a month, depended. Spain, which is politically worried and physically undernourished, allows no foreigner to enter unless he has stamped proof that he means to hurry right out again, usually to Lisbon and its airport, Europe's last exit. On November 18th, when Mrs. Jeffries asked





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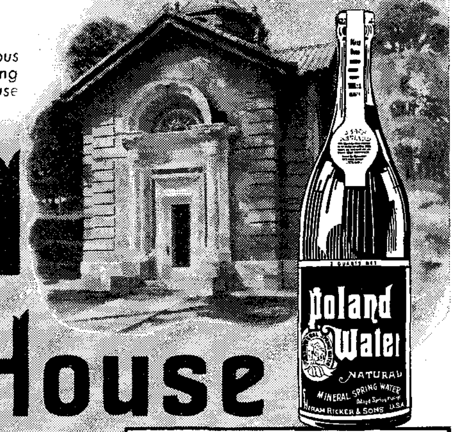

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the Spanish consulate clerk for her visa, he informed her that (a) Spain had that day mobilized its army, (b) he had heard that the Spanish border was in consequence closed, (c) he had heard that it was open twice a week but that the trains were booked so solidly that no one could get on one for six months, (d) he had heard it was open for one hour every afternoon to pass mail and telegrams only, and (e) he knew it would take ten days for the *señora* to obtain a Spanish visa unless she wished to make him, as she had implied she would, a gracious gift of five hundred francs for the Spanish poor, in which case she could have her visa the day after tomorrow.

Mrs. Jeffries gave him the five hundred francs and two days later he gave her the visa and the official information that the border was indeed closed tighter than a trap. However, he reminded her that in Spain, as in most of contemporary Europe, her visa, paradoxically, would be honored even though she entered the country by stealth. He kindly suggested that she go and look around in the French border city of Pau. Pau, Mrs. Jeffries knew, was the trading centre for the mountaineer guides who, for a terrific price, walked their refugee clients over the Pyrenees into Spain.

ON November 20th, a little over two months out of Paris, Mrs. Jeffries unhooked her rucksack from underneath the pink cretonne curtains in her Lyons rooming house and started for Pau. Her train trip from Lyons to Pau, which would have taken about sixteen hours in peacetime, took the wornout French locomotives twenty-four hours on France's dilapidated railroad tracks. Mrs. Jeffries was lucky; she had a seat for the entire journey. The late November rains, which are southern France's version of early winter, had set in. Her second-class coach was overcrowded, unheated, and damp. Whenever her feet felt congealed in her inadequate, wooden-soled sandals, which are what most women in France now have to wear, she sat on her feet, like Buddha, which most French women have of late learned how to do.

In Pau the only place she could find to sleep was a maid's room under the mansard of a third-class hotel. For two years all the first-class hotels of Pau, the capital of the Basses-Pyrénées, like those of all the so-called Unoccupied key cities, had been occupied by the German Gestapo and Armistice Commission. Now, since the Nazis had made the occupation official, the second-class hostelries had been booked for the on-

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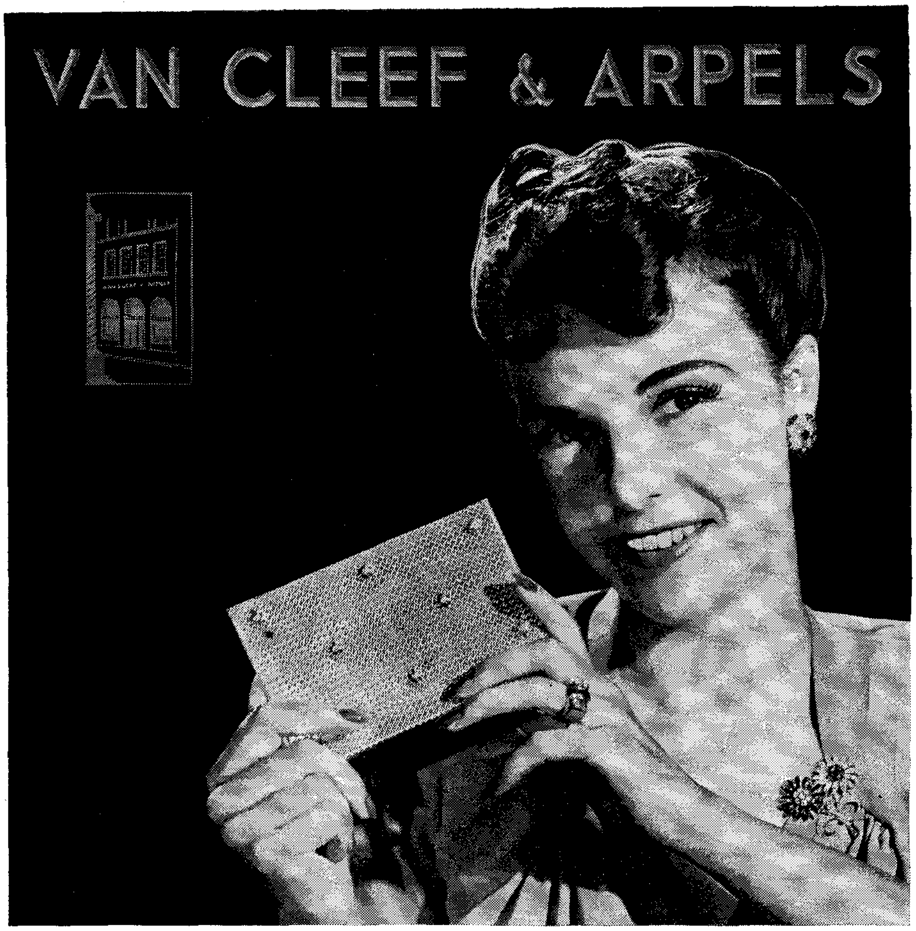
Additional Amusement Advertising on page 58

coming German Army *Kommandanturen*. Her first three days in Pau, Mrs. Jeffries found no French face which she wanted to trust with her peculiarly personal question, "Pardon me, but do you know anyone who could smuggle me across the Spanish border?" After the rebellious air of Paris and the violence of Lyons, the sullen atmosphere of bourgeois, once-fashionable Pau was not encouraging. The city seemed indifferent to the war, which had never really touched it; hardened to its Germans, who had come with defeat; and annoyed at America's North African invasion, whose first military achievement, as far as Pau could see, was the cutting off of the city's best black-market green-vegetable supply.

Mrs. Jeffries hoped to avoid walking across the mountains into Spain. She had tried to find in Pau one of the local patriot *cheminots*, who, like thousands of their fellow railroad workers all over France, were helping to resist the Germans by helping anybody who hated them, and by carrying messages for underground *services*, transporting their agents, sidetracking shipments to Germany, chalking tortoises (the symbol of slowdowns) on every piece of freight, sabotaging, passing fugitives in good standing, and the like. Mrs. Jeffries hoped to arrange for a ride across the Pyrenees to Spain in a nice freight car. But the superb, skillful patriotism of the *cheminots*, which everyone in France knew about, had finally become too familiar to the Nazis, and, in a typical, Hydra-headed plan, they had decided to kill the French railroad men's resistance movement, and further paralyze the French people's ability to move about, by inviting twelve thousand French railway workers to go to Germany, since too many German railroad men were on duty in Russia. By the time Mrs. Jeffries began to get her bearings in Pau, dozens of the district's *cheminots* were already in concentration camps for turning down the German invitation to travel, the railroad grapevine was in disorder, and the stowing away of an American woman in a box car was out of the question.

All in all, for the first twelve days Mrs. Jeffries was in Pau, it seemed impossible to find someone to smuggle her out in any way whatever. The smuggling had to be done by guides, arrangements for whom were made by contact men, and no contact man was willing to load a woman onto his unsuspecting mountaineer guide. It was a tough walking trip over the Pyrenees, the Pyrenees' passes being on the whole higher than



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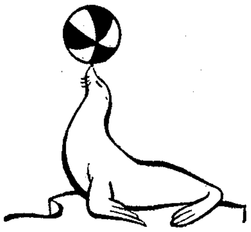

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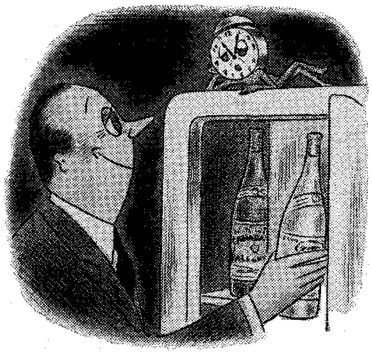
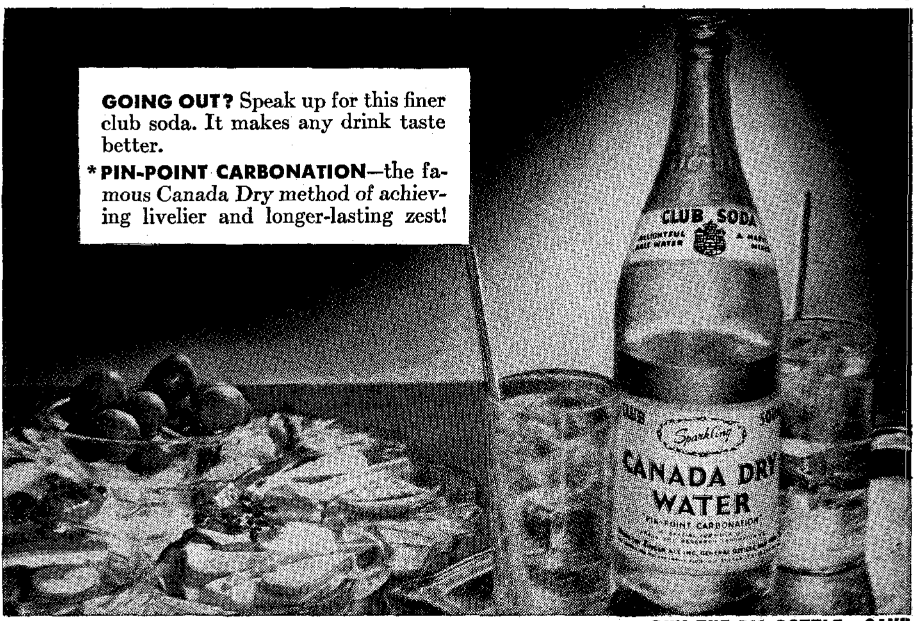
MELTING ICE: (slyly) Which one? When I meet drinks made with ordinary club soda, I run wild. My air bubbles steal the sparkle right out of your drink. Then my ice water dilutes what's left. Gone is sparkle and tangy zest. Do I have fun!

HOST: Not this time! I'm using Canada Dry Water. It's got "PIN-POINT CARBONATION"* —millions of tinier bubbles. Sparkle lasts to the last delicious sip.

MELTING ICE: The jig's up. *Bang!*



CLOCK: Hey—how long is this going on? I've ticked so many times since you recapped that Canada Dry Water and put it in the refrigerator my springs creak. Gosh, its zesty sparkle lasts!



GOING OUT? Speak up for this finer club soda. It makes any drink taste better.

***PIN-POINT CARBONATION**—the famous Canada Dry method of achieving livelier and longer-lasting zest!

CANADA DRY WATER

BUY THE BIG BOTTLE—SAVE MONEY—CONSERVE CAPS

those in the Alps, and the guides wanted no females, especially one who was forty-five and an American to boot. No one really wanted to smuggle Americans of either sex, because for two years Americans had been as rare as hen's teeth around Pau and so were material for comment. In the first week, after getting a foothold in a good assortment of cafés, high and low, Mrs. Jeffries was refused admittance to over two dozen passage parties she'd heard about. The second week she concentrated on contact men who made appointments only at night; they seemed more responsible, as they usually held respectable office jobs by day. An insurance clerk pessimistically refused to try to pass her or anybody else, because fifty Frenchmen he had helped pass the week before had been caught by the Spaniards and were already back home again and under surveillance; they were white-collar men and students who, since the American invasion, had been eager to go to North Africa, join the French forces, and "*refaire la guerre avec les frères américains.*" A kindly, hard-up Swede made a contact for her, and got an offer for an immediate crossing at twenty thousand francs. He thought the fee was too high, and while he was still haggling with the contact man, the party started off for the mountains.

Finally, in a lively café which specialized in B.B.C. news broadcasts, tuned down to a whisper, Mrs. Jeffries discovered a native waiter who had escaped from a prison camp in Germany and who offered not only to seek a contact but, in his enthusiasm, to lend her the money, if necessary, for a passage, which he said ordinarily cost from two to ten thousand francs but for her would be astronomically higher. He was still looking for a passage at any price when, on November 24th, the German Army trucked in and occupied Pau. Three days later the French garrison there was demobilized. That night the waiter told her that after France fell the French soldiers had been mostly anti-British and pro-Vichy. Then, after the Dieppe Commando raid, he said, the men had turned around and wanted to *rejoindre les Alliés*, too late. The American invasion of Africa had added to their fever to fight the Germans again. As an answer to this pro-Allied sentiment, the Germans, in one swift blow delivered everywhere at once in Unoccupied France, in one day demobilized all that was left of what had once been France's army, thus scattering the men and their rebellious hopes and turning what had been men with guns into eighty thousand defenseless unemployed, ripe for shipping to Germany's labor camps. The waiter said that in Pau that morning, while some of the French officers wept, the Germans had simply ordered the French soldiers to fall in line, stack their arms, and fall out as civilians because the French Army no longer existed. Back in their barracks, where they had providently hidden a cache of pistols, the soldiers tied the weapons under their ill-fitting, baggy breeches and got away with them, prepared for the great day when the Yanks would invade France. What uniforms the demobilized soldiers did not have on their backs were gathered up by the Nazis and sent to Germany to add to the Nazi wool pile.

ON her twelfth day in Pau, Mrs. Jeffries decided that at least she would be ready and properly dressed for a crossing at a moment's notice, should an offer come. She had shipped her trunk there from Lyons, and it was still at the railway station, waiting baggage-car room on a train to Spain. An amenable porter let her open it and take out the warm clothes she wanted, change into them in the dirty ladies' toilet, and pack the light clothes she had taken off. With her ski boots in her hand, she walked out of the station dressed in a tweed skirt, wool stockings, sweater, scarf, topcoat, and mittens, and nearly roasted en route to a second-hand bookshop, where, it was reported, the proprietress ran a smugglers' travel agency on the side. There she got a too prompt, overenthusiastic reply. The woman said "*Oui*" and in the same breath demanded fifty thousand francs for a crossing with a group leaving the next morning. She said that the trip would be de luxe, with donkeys to ride up the lower slopes and only two hours of what she called promenading on the peaks. Mrs. Jeffries, who had nearly forty thousand francs left in her pocketbook, declared, with equal airiness, that she had only thirty-five thousand francs on earth, and walked out. When she returned to her rooming house, the concierge whispered to her that the Gestapo had called, requesting her to appear at the *Kommissäriat* the next morning. Mrs. Jeffries ran back, sweating, to the bookshop and the woman big-heartedly accepted the thirty-five thousand francs.

—JANET FLANNER

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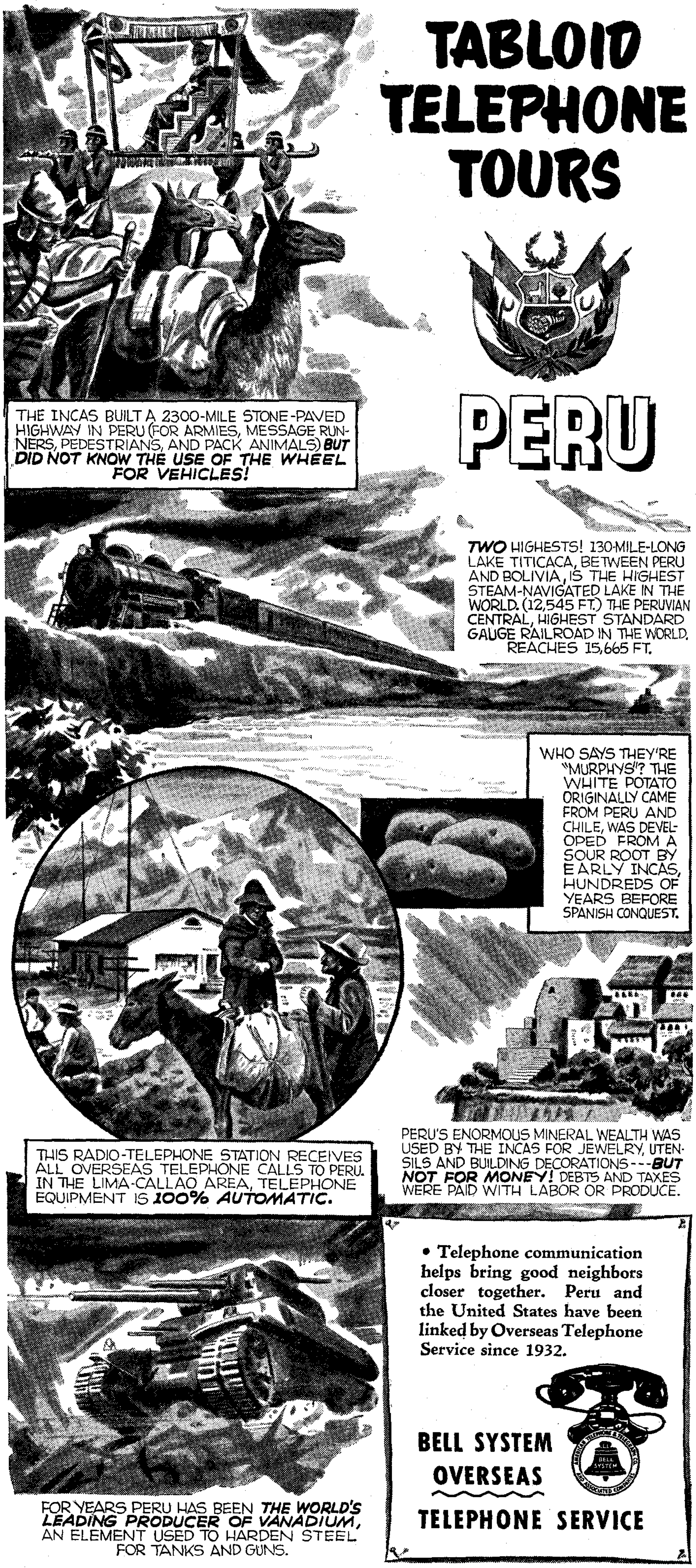
The 48 unit stamps will be used for coffee, sugar, and shes when Book 1 expires in the fall . . . —*Chicago Daily News.*

Start saving, gents!



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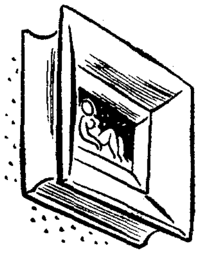
THE ART GALLERIES

From Moscow to Harlem



I HAD a neat little theory all worked out to use as a text in reviewing the Five Hundred Years of Russian Art show, which just closed at the Gould House Galleries, 579 Fifth Avenue. It was about a relation I seem to discern between modern, or post-Revolutionary, Russian art and our own painting of the middle nineteenth century. In each case, the period was one of sudden political awakening. What you had was a people brought sharply to a realization of the vast size and grandeur of the land they owned and lived in, and in their exuberance at the discovery it was only natural that mere bigness should come to be considered a virtue in itself. Even the painters caught the infection, and in this country there were men like Mount, Bingham, Cole, Inman, and so on trekking out into the hinterlands and returning with paintings of Niagara Falls, Lake Superior, and the wide reaches of the Mississippi, paintings whose chief value lay in the amount of canvas and pigment expended on them. Much the same thing seems to be true of the official Soviet artists, as we have seen their work (chiefly, I admit, in reproduction) in this country. They are still overawed by the subjects they paint, and perhaps the kindest thing that can be said about them is that they are still in a Hudson River stage of painting. Let us hope that they get over it soon.

That's my theory, but for the moment, at least, I seem to be stuck with it; the fact is that the exhibition gave no very sound consideration to this phase of Russian painting. The official painters were largely absent, or at best represented by small genre pieces. There were other gaps as well. Constructivism is a product of post-Revolutionary Russia, for instance, and since this school is still a potent force in modern sculpture, it would seem that some examples should have been included. Moreover, such painters as Chagall, Soutine, and Kandinsky, though expatriates, are nevertheless Russians; I can't see why they weren't included, to show the influence the Russian spirit has had on art outside the national boundaries.

Instead, the show was focussed on the painting of the Czarist period, plus a group of icons, mainly sixteenth- and seventeenth-century, and a collection of gold filigree and enamel ornaments and other objets d'art once belonging to members of the imperial family. The icons were really worth looking at, especially such pieces as the large "St. Bishop Vasili," the elaborately ornamented "Our Lady of Vladimir," and "The Ascension," dated Moscow, seventeenth century, with its odd mixture of Italian and Oriental influence. The objets d'art—gold Easter eggs studded with jewels, and suchlike—were practically pure gimcrackery, interesting chiefly as examples of the expensive vulgarity that royalty sometimes descends to. The paintings, of course, were frankly terrible. Bad as the Soviet artists are—and they're sometimes very bad, with their overblown style and sentimentality—they have never done anything to equal the bathos and banality of their predecessors, and I find it hard to understand why anyone bothered to hang such really monumental absurdities as "The Last Refuge," "Russian Wedding Feast," and "Ivan the Terrible in the Kremlin of Pskov." I'm sorry, too. With a little more understanding in the selection, the exhibition could have been made much more illuminating.

DESPITE a faint air of the haphazard about the hanging and a certain amount of deadwood in the paintings, the new show at Art of This Century, called "Spring Salon for Young Artists," deserves your attention. A jury affair, it is the first of its sort that I have known to devote itself strictly to those twin branches of advanced modern painting, abstractionism and surrealism, and as such it has attracted a lot of new talent; to most people, I think, at least two-thirds of the thirty-odd artists represented will be totally unknown. A good share of the work is amateurish, and for my own part I could get along indefinitely without such outmoded efforts as C. Dilworth's Dadaist constructions called "Object-Collages." But in Jackson Pollock's abstract "Painting," with its curious reminiscences of both Matisse and Miró, we have a real discovery, and I liked, as well, Fannie Hillsmith's "Pine Cones" and the classically severe "Abstraction" by Ad Reinhardt.

THE last year or two I've been thinking it was time Alexander Calder found some new field of expression besides his mobiles and stabiles. It seemed to me that he had pretty well explored the possibilities of those two forms and that to go further with them would mean repetition. Now, to my delight, he appears in a show (he shares it with Yves Tanguy) at the Pierre Matisse which represents a considerable departure in style. His new pieces are called "Constellationes," and the word describes them exactly; fantastically shaped bits of carved wood or metal held in fixed relation to one another by wires and suspended from the wall or the ceiling, they have a truly starry sharpness and clarity. Tanguy's paintings have some new features, too. The same misty plain appears in all of them, populated by the same weird bone structures as of old. But more care, I think, has been taken in the painting and more care devoted to the development of textures, with the result that the scenes have more clearness—one might almost say more nearness—and hence a great deal more vividness. I liked particularly his "Dame à l'Absence," very icy and cold with its grays and whites, and the more sombre "Vers le Nord Lentement."

AT the headquarters of the Fighting French Relief, 2 West Fifty-seventh Street, there is a loan show of African Negro sculpture which, in spite of its air of unpretentiousness, should be classed as one of the musts of the moment. That unpretentiousness is deceptive; as a matter of fact, the work has been beautifully selected and arranged, and in such things as the Gabun masks, the "Mask with Lizards" from the Cameroon, and the unusually elaborate "Flute Player" from British Nigeria, it contains some of the finest pieces I've seen in quite a while. . . . Don't miss the series of gouaches of Harlem by Jacob Lawrence, at the Downtown through this Saturday. Direct and simple in style, direct, too, and forceful in their social implications, they're the best work this promising young artist has shown to date.

—Robert M. Coates

•

Writes Scrap Song

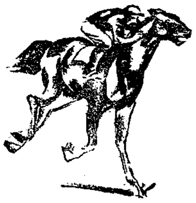
Helen Johnston of the Garfield school has composed a scrap song to the tune of "Put-Put-Put," whose marching rhythm has spurred the small collectors along. The song is as follows:

> Lincoln school children were among the most patriotic of Butte's school tots, turning out 100 per cent to haul in the scrap. A huge pile was formed in their school yard before dark. The children won the praise not only of their teachers but neighbors. —*Butte Montana Standard.*

Catchy enough for anybody.

THE RACE TRACK

Here's That Horse Again



THE event of the week at Belmont Park was, of course, Count Fleet's victory in the Withers Stakes. Only Slide Rule and Tip Toe ran against him, or—to be more accurate—after him, but even so I thought it was his best effort this year. Although the time of a race isn't particularly important to me (for my money it's how a horse runs), I must say that Count Fleet's mile in 1:36 over a muddy track was an extraordinary performance. Had the going been suitable, he might have tried for a record, since his stable would undoubtedly like to see just once how fast the colt really can run. There is no doubt that if he had tried, he would have broken the old mark. As it was, the only exciting moment in the Withers came when Count Fleet made an unusually wide turn into the stretch. Lots of people, remembering what an unpredictable two-year-old he was, thought that he was up to his old tricks again, and horseplayers who had bet two dollars to win a dime—one fellow had tossed $16,000 into the tote—suffered a momentary syncope. Nothing was wrong with Count Fleet, however; Longden, following riding orders, was merely taking his mount out to where the footing was better.

For those who aren't too tired of hearing about the horse, I might report that he has won four classic races and $138,715 in purses so far this season. His next start will be in the Belmont, a week from Saturday, and I'd say that he won't have as much opposition as he had in the Withers. In a word, he's in fine shape; he's been in training since February and hasn't missed a workout. (That noise you just heard was me knocking on wood.) He hasn't grown any taller than he was last year, but his girth (seventy-two inches), the width of his chest (twenty-one inches), and his length (eight feet and one inch), are all exactly three inches more than they were when he was a two-year-old.

WHEN Lucky Draw won the Youthful at Jamaica several weeks ago, some of the sharp-eyed observers thought that his race was no fluke. They must have recalled this opinion

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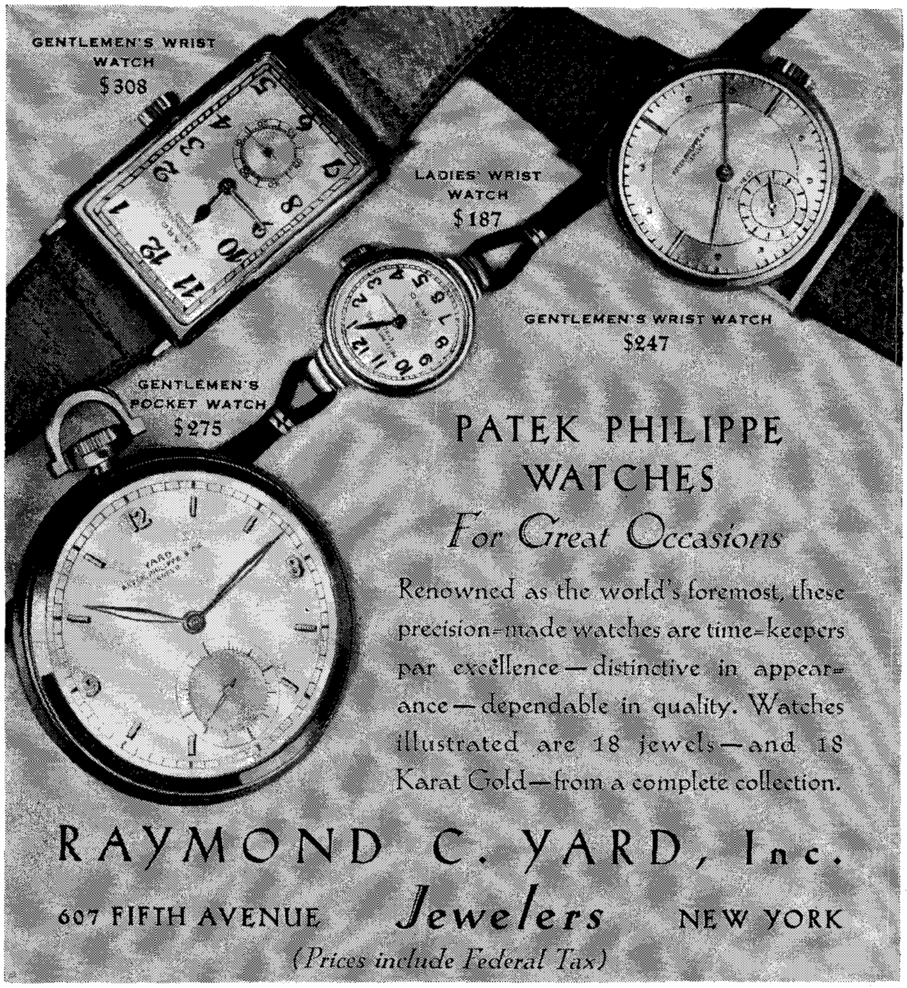
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with considerable satisfaction last week-end when he won the Juvenile at Belmont. However, even though he is the winner of two stakes races, I don't consider him the most promising two-year-old I've seen this season. He is not the handsomest, either. My own choice is a couple of other horses. For one, I recommend Galactic, who finished fourth in the Juvenile. He's not so badly named, by the way; he's by Milkman out of Gala Moment. Then there is Depth Charge, who is much better-looking than his famous half brother, Count Fleet. It might be worth remembering that Max Hirsch, who trains Depth Charge, has offered to run his colt against Count Fleet for three furlongs—and that's something for any horse to tackle—whatever morning Count Fleet feels like taking him on. Another youngster I like is Larky Day, a fine, big colt by Blue Larkspur. Larky Day won an unimportant race quite impressively the other afternoon.

A number of the better-fancied two-year-olds are snuffling and sneezing these days, victims of what horsemen call the coughing sickness. Nobody knows what causes this annual epidemic, and even some professors at the Rockefeller Institute, who did a lot of research on it a few years ago, were stumped. It isn't serious in itself, but animals who have had it must not be raced for weeks after their recovery or they may develop a case of flu, if nothing worse. It succeeds in knocking out a good many two- and three-year-olds every spring.

THOSE who remembered that Nellie L. runs well in the mud and that Askmenow does not profited by the result of the Acorn Stakes at Belmont, for Nellie L. won in a gallop and Askmenow wasn't even in the money. There's no sense in comparing the merits of these two fillies any further, however, for Nellie L. is not in the Coaching Club American Oaks, and anyhow trying to pick the winners of races for fillies is pure guesswork.

NOTE ON AN OLD RACE CARD: This highly fallible department still sticks to Shut Out for the Suburban next Monday and Vagrancy for the Top Flight Handicap on Thursday.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Q. What does geography mean? F.R.B.
A. It means dirt-eating.
—*Worcester (Mass.) Evening Gazette.*

Thank you very much.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

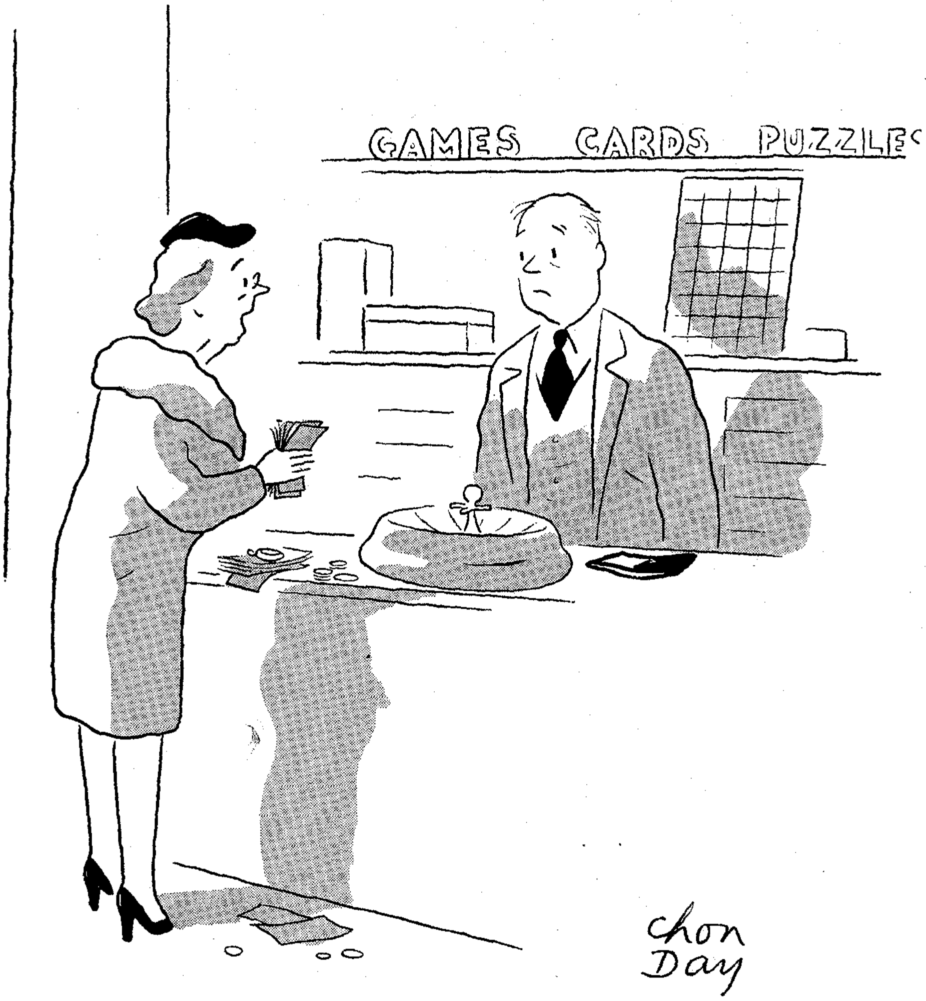
YOU may very likely wear your bathing suit only for a sunbath in the back yard or on the roof this summer, and the exercise you get in your slacks may consist solely of pushing a vacuum cleaner (think of the Sunday-night traffic you'll be missing), but there's no reason you can't spend a few fully dressed hours a day the way you used to, and if you do there's no reason you can't look as decorative as ever. For instance, there are the beautiful pure silks and the masterly tailoring at Bernath, 571 Madison Avenue (56th). You have your choice of four hundred necktie-pattern foulards, which they will make up into such classics as shirtwaist dresses with a bow at the throat, or two-piece affairs with the tops doubling as blouses for your suit. The dresses are $42.95 and up, the skirts from $21.95, the blouses from $15.95. Here, too, you'll find heavenly Paisley-patterned silks. They are fairly expensive—$29.95 for a blouse to order—but they are things you'll wear just about forever. If you want to go really de luxe, try one of the famous bright suède jackets, in three-quarter length and lined with one of the Paisleys. The Bernath rainy-day equipment is also notable—double-breasted rayon taffeta coats with detachable hoods, or full capes that you can wear over winter as well as summer clothes. They are in a variety of colors; the cool, gooseberry green would be particularly effective for summer. The coats and capes are $29.95, the hoods are $5.95, matching umbrellas are $7.95, and you can't top any of them for sheer dash.

THEN there is the array of finery in Bonwit Teller's sports department. Let's begin with the Clarepotter collection of dresses. An entire group is in a dull, flat rayon crêpe with Irish crochet trimming. The lace, which has black velvet beading, edges the prim, square neck of one beige dress and further emphasizes its quaintness by making a deep oval on the bodice. This lace edges the lapels of other dresses and also frothily edges the detail of shirtwaist affairs. The dresses are lovely things, suitable for either town or country, and cost $35 and $39.95. Some dresses and blouses are made of an India cotton (feels like batiste but has more body) in Paisley patterns. This fabric is particularly cool and effective in a blouse which has a black silk shantung skirt with a sash of the same print pulled through loops at the waistline. Miss Potter also takes pure silk shantung in odd and lovely colors, like a pale sea green, and makes a dress with pearl buttons and three bias tiers at the hem of the slightly flared skirt. (Non-Potter silk shantung dresses are shown here, too—shirtwaist ones, some with convertible necks and with pockets on the hips, others with set-in belts; from $22.95 in colors like forest green, pale blue, and brown.)

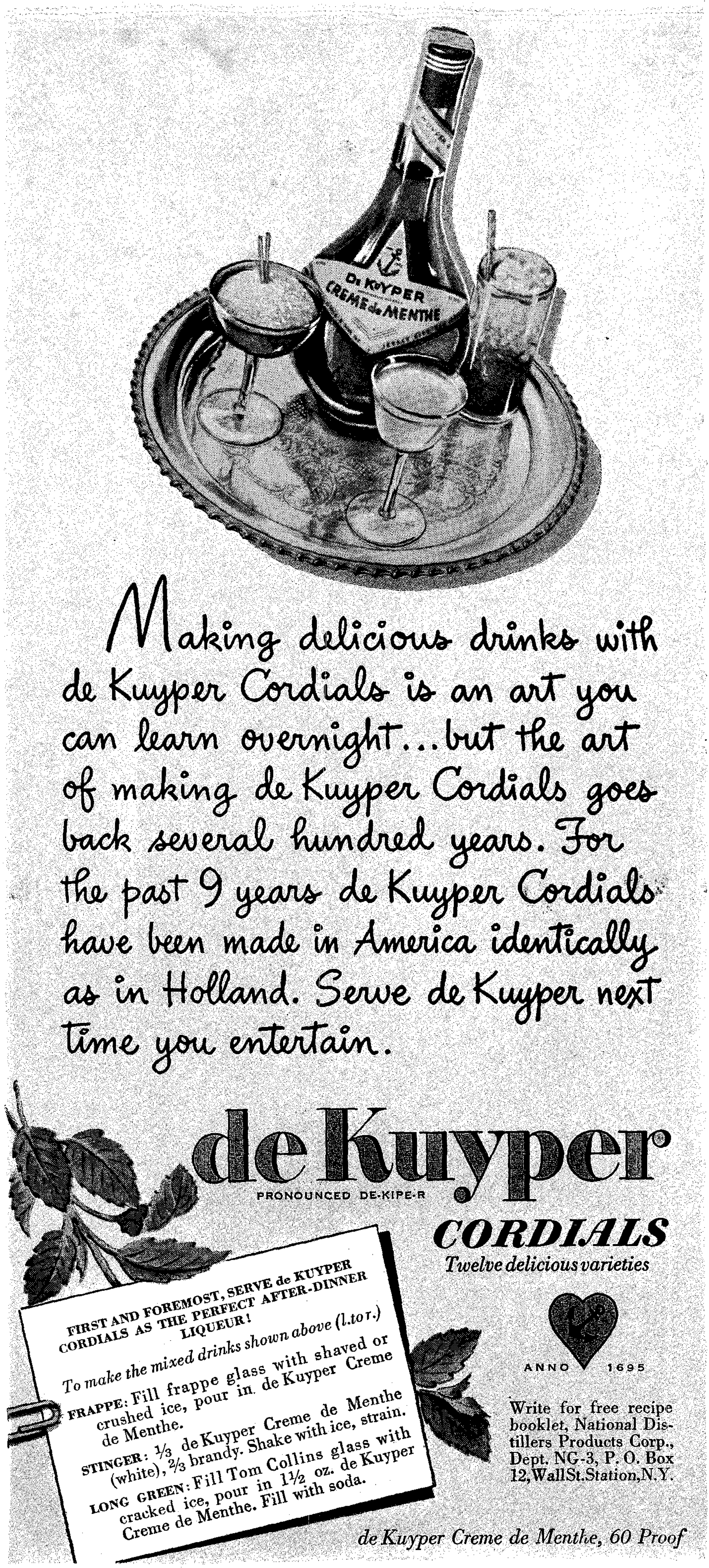
For bathing suits, Clarepotter shows shorts that are *really* short, with a backless top buttoned down the front and shirred at each side—one of the few halter tops that are becoming to large-bosomed women. This ensemble is made of an India plaid print, all wonderful purples and blues and blacks and reds. Miss Potter has worked rayon sharkskin up into slacks and bathing suits. Her slacks are the way I like them—slender, absolutely plain, and with pockets on the hips. Some of the bathing suits are one-piece, with skirts flaring widely; others have matter-of-fact shorts, buttoned down each side and topped with a ruffled halter bodice. The bathing suits are all $25, but you get High Style.

Bonwit's sports department also shows, for $7.95, a versatile dress of rayon shantung with a convertible neck, big buttons down one side from armpit to hem, and an action back. It comes in sizes 10 to 20, and is one of those things anyone in the country would live in.

MARY LEWIS, at 638 Fifth Avenue (51st), is your girl if you love dirndl skirts. The place is full of them. Among the lot are wraparound Mexican numbers, with one huge pocket, in a denim that is all rich, dark stripes. You'll also see India cotton prints in dusty, muted colors, practically no two alike. (These are $5.95, a representative price for such things here.) Quantities of the skirts are made of the flowered chintz you use for upholstery. There are gingham ones, too. Finally, there are some in a wildly flowered rayon-silk jersey, with a shirred elastic



"It is an interesting game. I guess I'll take it."



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LONG GREEN: Fill Tom Collins glass with cracked ice, pour in 1½ oz. de Kuyper Creme de Menthe. Fill with soda.

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waistband about three inches deep. (Little mothers-to-be continue to crave these, and I continue to think they are daft.) There are many peasant blouses to accompany all of these skirts, but I like better the shop's white piqué blouse with a ruffle about the round neck and on the short sleeves.

For durability plus smartness, Mary Lewis uses finely striped blue- or red-and-white ticking, like the one on your mattress. This makes shorts, halters, and a simple ruffleless pinafore cut so that it can be worn either with or without a blouse. The separate items cost from $2.50 up to $7.95 and any garden should grow a bit better at the sight of them.

ALTMAN'S Summer Vacation Shop has bathing suits by Mabs of Hollywood, notably some one- and two-piece affairs made of a cotton in a eucalyptus or a gardenia print; $10.95. The cotton has been stitched and puckered in such an artful way that it has considerable give to console you for the absence of Lastex. As a matter of fact, Altman still has some Mabs swim suits of a cotton Lastex, in lovely colors. There's a bit of hemstitching under the bra top and your own figure supplies all further details. . . . When you mention bathing caps in most shops, the girls who wait on you either sigh or look astounded, but that doesn't happen at Bloomingdale. There are caps here, of a processed, water-repellent cotton in pin checks, Paisley patterns, candy stripes, or whatever. The caps are shirred across the forehead and back of the neck to make them as snug as possible, and a real rubber strap goes under your chin. They not only are better than nothing but, Bloomingdale assures everyone, will keep the hair dry, and they look charming; sixty-nine cents in the Sports Shop. . . . Then there are Woodies—wooden platform shoes with a medium heel, hollowed to accommodate your foot, and with varicolored braid lacing them up the foot and leg. A shoe-last manufacturer made them with tender regard for preserving the shape of your arch, so they are quite comfortable. Moreover, they will prove to be non-conductors of heat when you step along the blazing sand of your favorite beach, if you manage to get that far out of town this summer. Bloomingdale has them for $3.50.

—L. L.

•

It is so exciting—it has such suspense, action, interest—that you almost forget it is a superb work of art.—*From an adv. in Publisher's Weekly.*

Almost is not good enough for us.

NOTES ON SPORTS

Case for the Defense

IN spite of the hoots that have fallen on the tender ears of Beau Jack since he lost his lightweight title to Bob Montgomery last Friday night, he is not the worst performer ever to win prominence in his weight class. Maybe he is no Gans; conceivably he is no Leonard, Tendler, Mandell, Singer, Canzoneri, Ross, or Ambers. However, the critics who have lately abused him have skipped too lightly over the facts that he stopped Allie Stolz, a boy whom local experts have always looked on fondly, knocked out the game and earnest Tippy Larkin in three rounds, won twice decisively from Fritzie Zivic, who was also thought of highly (and let's have no more of that nonsense about the first decision over Zivic being questionable), and did all right against the aging but competent Henry Armstrong. They seem to have forgotten, furthermore, the calibre of his two immediate predecessors, Lew Jenkins and Sammy Angott. After those babies, Jack came as a Carter's Little Liver Pill to the lightweight division, restoring the flow of its vital juices to the rate of two pints a day. He is fast on his feet and with his hands, can hit solidly, and, contrary to recent testimony, can take a punch. Larkin, Zivic, Armstrong, and Montgomery all landed sturdy blows on various parts of him, but only Montgomery succeeded in even giving him pause.

Jack's trouble is that his offense is wild and that the word "defense" has not yet crept into his bright lexicon. Montgomery hit the nail on the button when he said after Friday's fight that he had won by making sure every punch he threw landed somewhere. He also said that Jack was easy to hit though hard to dent. He might have added that he (Montgomery) had done a good deal of counter-punching and, had he been of a reflective nature, that such is the method that always curbs these young hotheads. It worked for Louis against Conn and for Zivic against Armstrong and, to go back a way, for Kid Chocolate against a lot of people.

In the six months that Jack has been in the big time, he has experienced a series of frustrations that must have

ITALIANS ON RUN
Oregon Journal
Helen Berry Moore

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When The Journal goes to press it's mid-afternoon in Portland. In New York it's after six; in London, Paris, Berlin, Moscow, it's midnight or later. This time advantage enables The Journal to bring its readers news the same day it happens—news that only an afternoon newspaper on the Pacific Coast can publish at this time!

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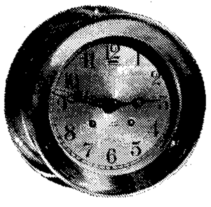


been particularly dismaying to a youth just graduated from caddiehood and new to life's buffets. It's clear to anyone watching him in action that his eager ambition is to knock his opponent's head off, but the one time he has come close to satisfaction was in his fight against Larkin, whom he cooled with a right hook. His knockout of Stolz was only what is known as technical, since the fellow was still on his feet at the finish, and both Zivic and Armstrong went the required distance against him. Toward the end of his second-to-last fight, the one with Armstrong, Jack appeared to be growing tired of the other side's constant failure to lie down. Then, in the first round against Montgomery, he had one more fling at his goal, failed, and spent the next fourteen rounds in an obvious state of disillusionment. Since he is (a) now a little embittered anyway and (b) not the slouch he is being called, it's a shame that attacks on him have been turning up in the papers.

SPEAKING of abuse in the public prints, the fact that the Philadelphia Phillies were mentioned slightingly in this department last week is probably only a secondary cause for their promptly running up a six-game winning streak. The primary cause must be something more compelling than that, perhaps an understandable yen for gate receipts. If so, the boys put their finger on the right approach, because in their Sunday doubleheader with the Pittsburgh Pirates they drew a crowd of 37,176, an all-time attendance record for Philadelphia's Shibe Park. The Yankees, meanwhile, achieved a strange streak of their own by being rained out of nine games in twelve. When they finally got to play three straight with the Cleveland Indians, they lost all three, proving that they don't have the sense to come in when it doesn't rain. —D. L.

•

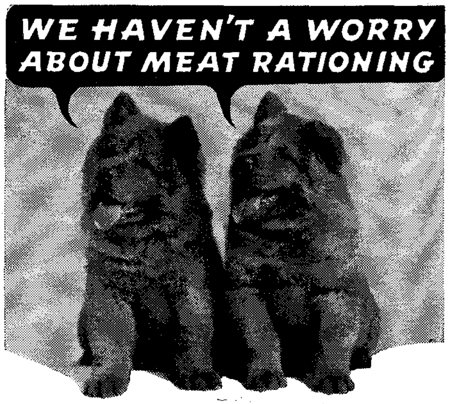
DEAR MARY LANE: I'm in a terrible jam and need your advice. It has been noised about town that I'm public property. The truth is I've never let a boy more than kiss me good-night.

I have had two different dates in the last week and they both tried to take advantage of me because of this awful gossip. What would you advise me to do? CONFUSED.

Examine your conscience very, very carefully.

For a subtle curry flavor, put a tablespoon of curry powder into each quart (four cups) boiling water required to cook the rice. —*Omaha World-Herald.*

And cut out that kissing.



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OF ALL THINGS

THE abolition of the Comintern is a big step toward Allied unity. Stalin is willing to trade the Third International for the second front.

•

After Attu is cleaned up, our forces will proceed to Kiska. Before the summer is over, the Aleutian Islands should be entirely free of co-prosperity.

•

Many senators seem to agree with "Happy" Chandler that the show is not being run right. They keep insisting that the second feature be given first.

•

There is a widespread feeling that John L. Lewis has got his addresses confused. He knocked at the door of the A. F. of L. instead of the W. L. B.

•

Prentiss Brown, of the Office of Price Administration, deserves sympathy in his effort to roll back prices to last year's level. People should recall the trouble King Canute had with the same sort of experiment.

•

It has been announced that many of the Axis soldiers captured in Tunisia will be brought to America and put to work. On the other hand, the generals captured there have no known value except as souvenirs.

•

In recent Mediterranean operations, American airmen have destroyed more planes on the ground than in the air. Jimmy Doolittle's boys can shoot them up as well as down.

•

We can all take comfort in the thought that the disastrous floods in the Middle West were not the work of Nazis. They were caused simply by an unusual quantity of weather.

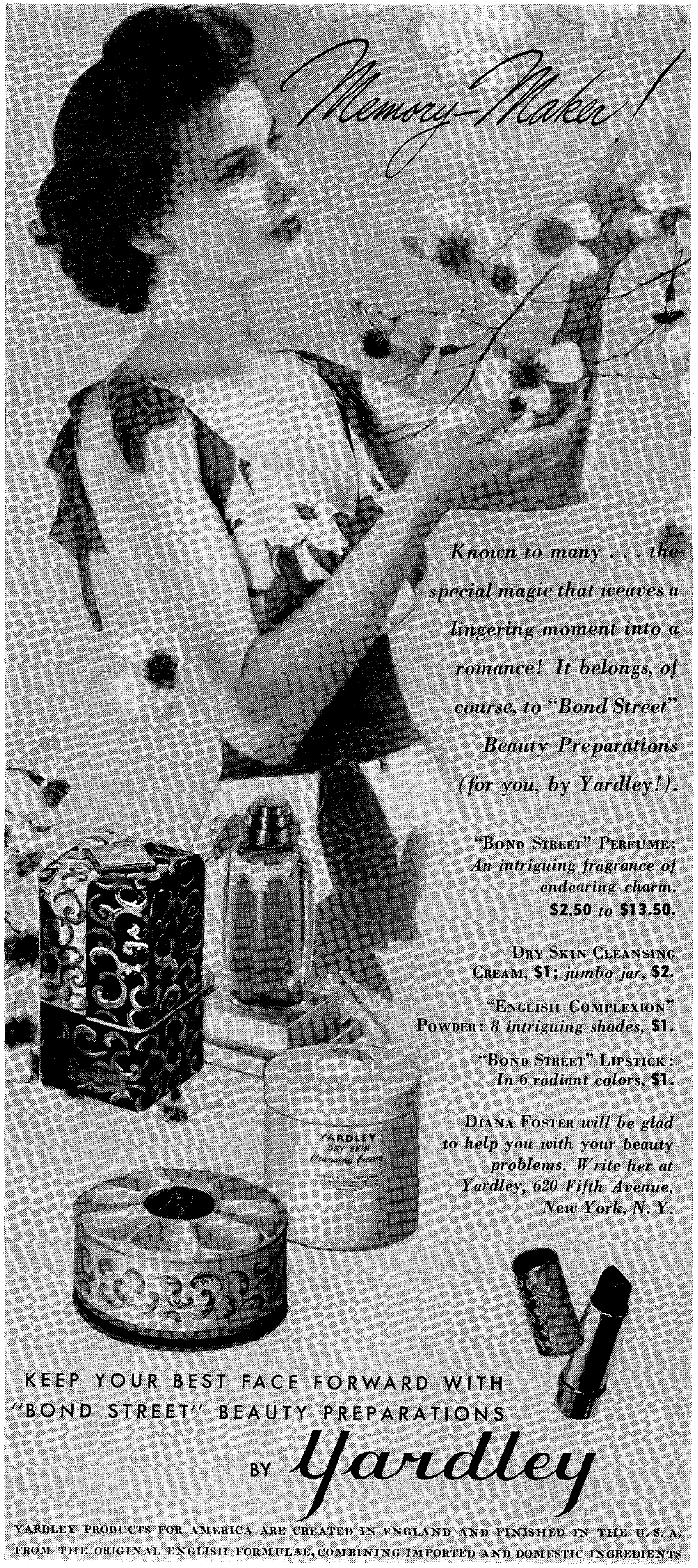
•

Perhaps it is just as well that newspaper men are not encouraged to report too much of the doings at Hot Springs. The way things are now, it's no treat to hear a lot of talk about food.

•

The government is now prepared to take orders for Ration Book No. 3. The publishers claim that this little book contains something of vital interest to every member of the family.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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THE ARMY LIFE

XXXIII—SOMEWHERE IN NEW YORK

WHEN, early in 1942, I left New York City for Australia and, as it turned out, New Guinea, there were no dimouts, no rationing laws, and, thank God, no fascinators on women's heads. You could get into your car and make a round trip to Brattleboro, Vermont, with no more difficulties than those encountered in the turbulent suburbs of New Haven; Clark Gable was a movie actor; and only a professional geographer could have told you the difference between Buin, Buna, Bona, and Gona. I gathered, during the eleven months that elapsed between the day I left the city for service abroad and the recent day I arrived at Pennsylvania Station, after being transferred from the Southwest Pacific theatre, that things had changed indeed. Thoughtful friends had sent me newspaper clippings showing Times Square devoid of traffic and had added that the area was eerily dark at night. I was under the impression that anyone reckless enough to approach a theatre or restaurant in a motor-driven conveyance would be arrested on the spot but that the danger was academic, since you just couldn't get a cab in New York anyway. During the twelve delightful days I spent in the city upon my return, the only time I had any trouble finding a taxi was late one rainy Saturday night outside a Greenwich Village night club, where I probably had no business being in the first place.

I managed to visit, besides the Village, a good many other parts of Manhattan: the financial district, the upper and lower East and West Sides, and, of course, Fifty-second Street, whose brassy charms a conscientious returned soldier could hardly shun, after all the time he has spent discussing with other soldiers how giddily he intended to frolic among those charms if given the chance. I first saw Times Square by daylight. It did not resemble its photographs. These days a pedestrian can cross more easily against the lights than he formerly could, I decided, but I had anticipated practically no traffic at all, and the thin but steady stream of cabs, buses, and occasional private vehicles surprised me. Somebody had installed a naval vessel in the middle of the street east of the Paramount Building, to be sure, but that undeniable symbol of progress was balanced by the lettering on the marquee of the Rialto Theatre, where the sensitive customer, I saw, could still find Frankenstein and the Wolf Man locked in struggle.

I went back to Times Square at night. When, on the outskirts of the Square, I encountered a cop with white cross-straps on his chest, I expected that the area would be shrouded in hazardous gloom. I was disappointed; Times Square wasn't dim at all. I noticed at once, naturally, that the Wrigley fishes had ceased to wriggle and that curfew had sounded for the electric bar from which those giant Wilson Whiskey highballs once so inexorably flowed. Below the second-story level, though, Times Square was still a good deal brighter after dark than any other place I have recently been in, with the possible exception of Port Moresby, where, because there is so much important work to be done, the lights stay on at night until the sirens announce an uninvited aerial visitor.

A SOLDIER coming home doesn't necessarily want to find things too different; he may feel, as I do, that there would be little point in venturing overseas on behalf of a place that he couldn't even recognize when he got back to it. I was glad to notice that New York was substantially the same. There were new restaurants and bars, of course (one, a Radio City establishment with kangaroos painted on the walls and called the Down Under, advertised a Sydney Sling, a drink I had never heard of Down Under), and in them I noticed an agreeable tendency on the part of civilians not to press drinks upon servicemen. In the months just after Pearl Harbor it was difficult for a soldier to enter a public bar without having his neighbors, whose patriotic concern for his enjoyment was rarely tempered by an accurate estimate of his capacity, insistently offer him free drinks, evidently on the theory that he could absorb them as effortlessly as an elephant eats peanuts. This situation, happily, no longer prevails. I found that I could buy myself as few or as many drinks as I chose without having to insult would-be benefactors or else fall victim to their disabling generosity. I attribute this to the abundance of soldiers rather than a scarcity of liquor. The only shortage I ran into involved one particular kind of imported brandy, which proved to be unavailable at a restaurant where I had requested it at the end of an extravagant reunion with a friend. The sommelier whose painful duty it was to break this news added quickly, however, that he had another imported brand, if Monsieur would accept the lamentable substitution, and everything worked out all right. This occurred, incidentally, the evening of a Meatless Tuesday, when, after carefully debating the merits of such puny dishes as sweetbreads, pheasant, and brook trout, my companion and I nibbled at a Spartan meal of roast chicken.

What permanent scars this war will leave on the surface of municipal life I do not know, but it is apparent to anyone coming home from abroad that the relationships between buyer and seller, at least in some fields, have been considerably altered. Every now and then I felt that I ought to thank a saleslady for permitting me to purchase some item on her counter, a transaction about which she was clearly indifferent. The polished deference of waiters seems to be disappearing. Many I encountered, doubtless new at their trade and undisturbed by any of its traditions or an urge to acquire occupational finesse, indicated that if they brought anything to a table they were being notably condescending and that any favors they conferred, such as presenting you with a napkin, were extra, like tips. After a couple of dismal experiences, I became so used to the new standards of service that when a friend of mine with a gift for impersonation stood outside my hotel room one morning, announced in a disguised voice that he was Room Service, took my order for breakfast through the unopened door, and then, instead of "Thank you," said "Go to hell, sir," I was, though surprised, still convinced that it was Room Service.

THE changing status of women is one of the most apparent things around the city. At my old office, where distaff employees once were frowned upon in all but a few limited and inescapably feminine capacities, girlish laughter seeped through many a transom and I bumped into a half dozen strange women, all very self-assured and looking as if they owned the joint. On my way across the country by train, I had found ladies giving information and checking baggage with no noticeable reduction in accuracy or efficiency.

There were other things I noticed. The disappearance of chauffeurs, for instance, and of out-of-town license plates, which will affect the study of American geography if small boys today, as my friends and I did in our earlier days, learn their forty-eight states by searching for the names of distant ones on the rear bumpers of two-door sedans. I caught a slight cold and found that benzedrine inhalers now come in plastic cases instead of metal ones. I saw my first Waac and my first Wave. I learned that there is a new version of gin rummy, but the friend who tipped me off, after hearing that I didn't expect to be around long, told me regretfully that there would be little point in his tutoring me in its intricacies. Above all, I discovered how comparatively lucky we soldiers are these trying days. We are all set for the duration, free from worries about obtaining clothing or fuel or food. We can take a detached view of prices and wages and taxes. We are fast becoming just about the most stable, privileged element in an uncertain community, and people who a year ago were devoting themselves to the care of our morale now appeal to us for the sort of measured counsel ordinarily sought of village elders. Our opinions on weighty matters are often requested and always highly regarded. "Do you think I'm doing enough?" an anxious civilian would ask me during my visit, and I would find myself replying with soothing words of comfort and encouragement, just as if I were somebody's uncle.

It was nice being home for a while, but when I learned that I was going overseas again—I didn't know over which sea, and it didn't much matter—I was unaccountably happy. I guess it was because, like most soldiers, I felt that during a war home is a fine place to visit but I wouldn't want to be living there.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

During my adolescent years my father was superintendent of the Boys Home Society, here in this city, and well I remember his belief in juvenile delinquency.—*From a letter in the Baltimore Sun.*

Liberal-minded old skeezix, wasn't he?

•

FOR SALE: FURNITURE for two rooms, practically new. 40 chickens, chicken house and wife. Must be sold by Friday. At bargain prices. See Jack Lanier at 320 W. Airline Avenue in basement.—*Adv. in the Gastonia (N.C.) Gazette.*

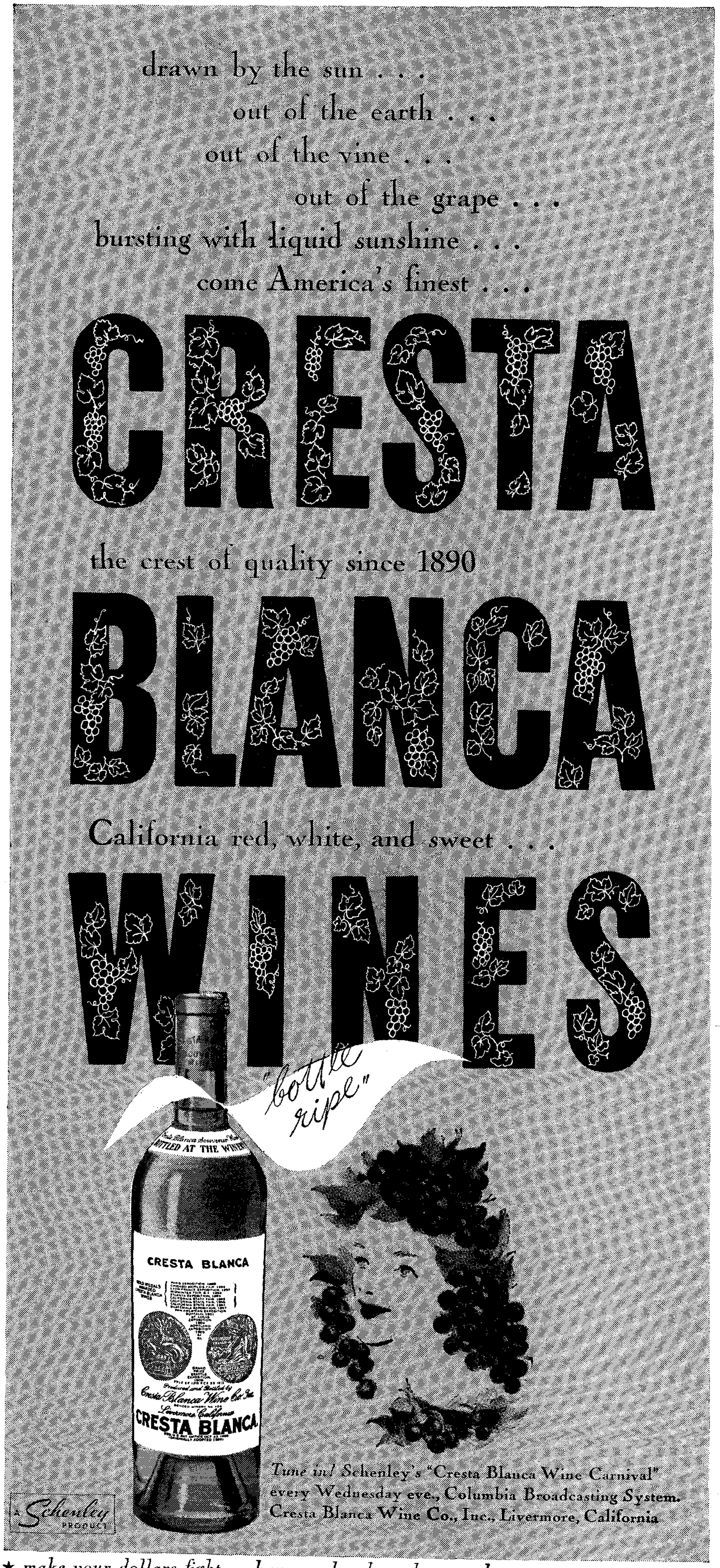
Another one of those attempts at a fresh start.

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Minneapolis Star-Journal*]

HOLLYWOOD—(INS)—Actress Alaine Brandes—who has the nose of Linda Darnell, the eyes of Greta Garbo, the mouth of Myrna Loy, and the hair of Hedy Lamarr—revealed today she would become Mrs. William Mann Moore this week.



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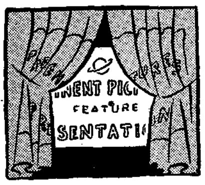
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Toilers of the Sea



THE title of "Action in the North Atlantic" is in no way misleading. If it had been "Doldrums in the North Atlantic," though, and anybody had been lured by its promise of restful seascapes, he would have grounds for complaint. The torpedoes, bombs, shells, and depth charges that fill the scene would also fill the Grand Canyon. The picture is a tribute to the merchant marine, and when the Warner Brothers pay a tribute they are not miserly. The characters they deal with here have one ship torpedoed from under them and their lifeboat rammed by a submarine, and their next ship is torpedoed, bombed, and strafed. They in turn sink one submarine by gunfire, ram another, and shoot down two planes. At one point a convoy of seventy-three ships is attacked by a submarine wolfpack, and the whooping of destroyer sirens, the explosion of torpedoes, and the drowning of sailors are likely to keep your attention from wandering. These Warner Brothers seem inclined to accept the word of Roosevelt, Churchill, Knox, and anybody else who says the U-boat menace is something to be reckoned with.

The film has been constructed, as was "Air Force," another one by the same studio, on the theory that solid subject matter obviates the necessity of devious plot. There are no love triangles and not much love interest of any sort. The captain, Raymond Massey, has a wife, Ruth Gordon, whom he visits when on shore and seems to get along with all right, and his first officer, Humphrey Bogart, gets married to a honky-tonk singer, Julie Bishop, but these are minor interludes. The merchant marine has been put first, a satisfactory bit of ranking. The acting works out pretty well, too, Mr. Bogart having the most to do and being, as usual, a quiet, controlled performer. The dialogue is exceptional only in spots, but the picture isn't called "Smart Repartee in the North Atlantic." There are just two points that may seriously wound your sensibilities. One is that the picture is too long and the other is that at one juncture a seaman is threatened first with violence and then ostracism when he decides to skip a voyage to stay home with his family. The chances are that in reality his mates

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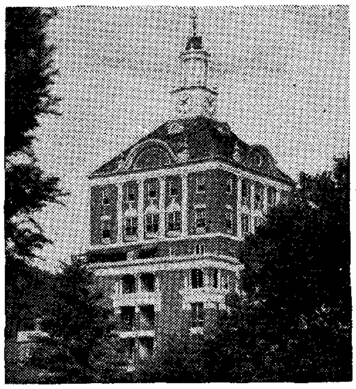

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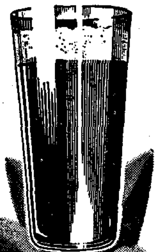

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would figure it wasn't altogether their business.

WHAT lesson there is to be found in "Cabin in the Sky" is that if colored folks will lay off the crapshooting and stick to their singing and praying like the carefree chuckleheads they essentially are, they will get along all right. This lesson might conceivably leave colored audiences cold. However, since the makers of the film would probably deny hotly that they had any lesson in mind at all and insist that they were simply trying to present a lovable ol' folk fantasy, we mustn't badger them. Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, Eddie Anderson, Rex Ingram, and others have apparently been persuaded that this was a laudable project, and perhaps they know best. The story, as you know if you saw the stage production, has to do with a fellow named Joe, whose soul is wrestled for by representatives of the Lord and the Devil. The contest is nip-and-tuck right down to the end and is punctuated by shooting frays, song cues, and, somehow or other—in the screen version—the music of Duke Ellington's orchestra. There are some scenes that are fine, especially the ones that take place down below, where Rex Ingram, as Lucifer, Jr., is working out plans with his staff, or any of the ones in which Lena Horne is at all visible. Then, too, there's Ethel Waters to sing the title song and "Taking a Chance on Love" and others. If the thing had just the slightest hint of social soundness—but let's say no more about it.

"MY FRIEND FLICKA" is about a boy who learns responsibility by owning a colt, or rather a filly, of his own. The background is a ranch, photographed in Technicolor, on which live this boy and his family and quite a few head of horses. The cast includes Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster, and Rita Johnson, and the story and the scenery should appeal at least to children, as did the book before it. . . . The background of "Corregidor," with Elissa Landi and Otto Kruger, is probably too grim for children, which is too bad, because the story in turn is too fanciful for adults.—DAVID LARDNER

•

40¢ Complete Luncheon 40¢

Fried filet of sole, tartar sauce
Bacon omelette (5¢ extra)
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—*From a menu in a Greenwich Village restaurant.*

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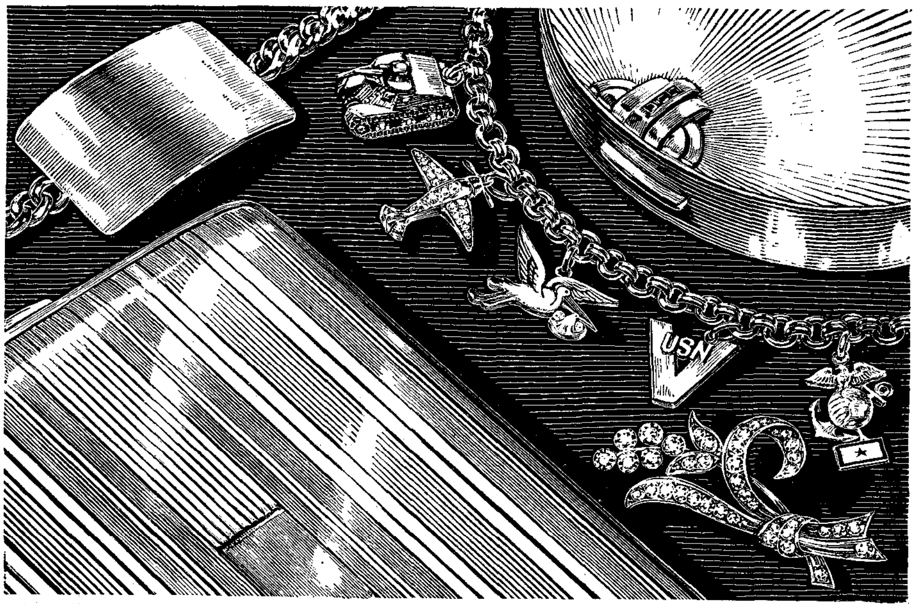

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Denis Conan Doyle
Burgess Meredith

BOOKS

Summer Reading for the Children

THE critics of children's books have a tendency to greet with joyous cries of welcome any juvenile written by an author who has a name in a wider field of writing. This is natural enough, considering the number of books they must read in a year by writers without talent, and often there is real cause for rejoicing over a great name on the title page. Not always, though. This spring, for example, the cries of welcome have been for "The Little Prince," written and illustrated by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. Whatever the merits of the book, it seems to be news: it has had a rush of publicity, it is on the best-seller lists, some reviewers announce that it has already taken its place among the children's classics, others call it a book only for subtle-minded adults, and all unite in praise and in rather solemn analysis of its overtones of meaning. I therefore feel strangely alone, since, to my mind, "The Little Prince" is not a book for children and is not even a good book. It can be described as a philosophical fairy tale, or, if you prefer the word so often used of Saint-Exupéry, a metaphysical one. The only youthful appraisal I can offer is that of a twelve-year-old boy, who likes almost all kinds of books and usually reads at top speed. After dragging through this one, he said, "He seems to be writing about grownup things in a childish way." Possibly this judgment has some merit because, when you come to think of it, the best children's books are those which treat childlike things in an adult way. "The Little Prince" unquestionably has its moments of charm and point and its naïve drawings have occasional humor and grace, but as a fairy tale, whether for adults or children, it seems to me to lack the simplicity and clarity all fairy tales must have in order to create their magic, and too often its charm turns into coyness and its point is lost in cloudy and boring elaboration. The jury will now retire to a locked hotel room for the night while the arguments continue.

Another disappointment is "Little Magic Horse," which is a translation of "Konek-Gorbunok," Peter Ershoff's Russian fairy tale in verse. The story, since its publication in 1835, is said to have held a place in Russian literature comparable to "Alice in Wonderland's" in ours, and it would be pleasant, in this particular year, to have American children take the Russian classic to their hearts. The publishers have given it a handsome dress and Vera Bock's illustrations are decorative, but unfortunately Tatiana Balkoff Drowne, who made the translation because she had loved the story in her childhood, is not a skillful enough versifier in English to handle her rhymed couplets. Consequently the adventures of the little humpbacked colt bog down in nearly unreadable doggerel.

THE books listed below are a selection from this spring's crop, plus a few of last fall's books received too late to be included in our Christmas review. Except for the picture books, the titles are arranged under descriptive headings rather than by age groups. However, some age indications are given; they should not be taken too literally, for children, of course, vary greatly in their reading habits.

Picture-and-Story Books for the Very Young

Five and Ten, by Roberta Whitehead, illustrated by Lois Lenski. A picture story on the joys (and indecisions) of shopping in the five-and-ten-cent store if you are four years old and have five shiny pennies in your pocketbook. A sound theme well handled in both pictures and text. The book is one of a promising new series of small, inexpensive volumes called "Nursery Books."

The Monkey Twins: They Saw It All, written and illustrated by Inez Hogan. This latest volume in Miss Hogan's popular Animal Twins series introduces a new war note. Bombs are dropped on the jungle and the animals organize for defense. The story is humorous and teaches a timely lesson, since the rumor-mongering monkey twins are soon converted into useful helpers.

Grubby Gets Clean, by Mary Ellen Vorse, illustrated by Elinore Blaisdell. A mildly amusing moral tale about a small boy who hates soap and water. After trying a pigeon's dust bath (pigeons prefer to take their baths in water, by the way), the pony's currycomb, and so on, he is converted to the shower-bath method by an elephant. Not nearly so spicy as that old standby on the same theme, "Slovenly Peter."

The Little Woman Wanted Noise, by Val Teale, illustrated by Robert Lawson, and **Shhhhhh . . . Bang: a**

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•

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by ETHEL PARTON

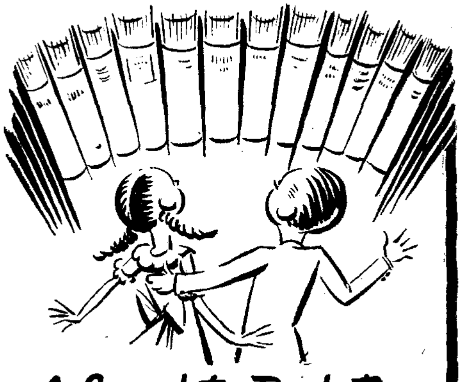
THE HOUSE BETWEEN

•

The story of a modern Indian girl. *Illustrated by Paul Lantz* $2

by ANN NOLAN CLARK

LITTLE NAVAJO BLUEBIRD



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Whispering Book, by Margaret Wise Brown, illustrated by Robert De Veyrac. Two books on the pleasures of noise, a subject of sure appeal. Little children will have fun with the alternating shouts and murmurs (indicated by size of type) of the latter book, in which a boy comes to a town where everyone whispers and loses no time in waking it up.

Corporal Keeperupper, written and illustrated by Katherine Milhous. A story for four- to seven-year-olds on the thesis that nobody is too small to help win the war. It is about the wooden soldier, a toy which is a family heirloom from Revolutionary days, who tries to join the present Army but is rejected because he is undersize and more than a hundred years too old. As the rather dreadful title hints, the wooden soldier is finally assigned to the task of keeping up morale on the home front. A pretty little book, rather too heavy-handed in its propaganda, but entertaining even so.

Fables, Fairy Tales, and Folk Stories

Pito's House, by Catherine Bryan and Mabra Madden. A lively retelling of a funny Mexican folk tale about poor Pito, the potter, and his nagging wife, who constantly complains that their house is too small to hold them and their seven children. It is, but with the help of the padre and the barnyard animals, Pito is able to prove that it might have been worse. Large type, many gay, colored pictures—just the book for a beginning reader.

The Fairies of the Glen, by Agnes Fisher, illustrated by Zhenya Gay. Perhaps not many children nowadays like to read stories about fairies, but for those who do, this story of how the little people came from the old country to America can be recommended. It has life and is told with all the traditional fairy-tale flourishes of style.

Five Golden Wrens, written and illustrated by Private Hugh Troy. A nonsense fairy tale about a king whose radio, which is installed in his crown, brings him such bad world news that he falls into despondency and his people with him. The story, which combines modernity with the traditional romantic king-and-scullery-maid plot, is not so genuinely humorous as the Dr. Seuss fairy tales, which it resembles a little, but it has some pleasant conceits, nevertheless, and will amuse six- to nine-year-olds.

The Sun and the Wind and Mr. Todd, by Eleanor Estes and Louis Slobodkin. Any book by the author-artist team of the diverting "Moffat" books is news, but this one is a disappointment. It is a whimsical extension of the Aesop fable about the dispute between the Wind and the Sun over which is the stronger. The Traveler of the new version is a modern weatherman, Mr. Todd, and *such* a quaint character. Mr. Slobodkin's big, sculptural pictures in sepia are beautiful but seem thoroughly unsuitable.

Beyond the Clapping Mountains, Eskimo Stories from Alaska, by Charles E. Gillham, illustrated by Chanimun. A captivating volume of animal folk tales, illustrated by an Eskimo girl and writ-

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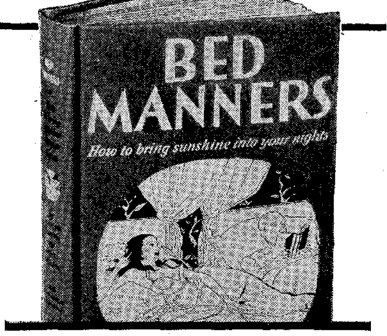

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ten by a United States government biologist who heard the stories from the Eskimos of Alaska. These Eskimos, it seems, used to believe that the wild creatures were people who liked to dress up to look like animals or birds. The tales of Miss Mink (a dainty lady wearing a mink parka), of Mr. Crow, Miss Emperor Goose, and the others, are therefore very human; they are also funny with a humor which might be called a cross between that of the "Just So Stories" and of Thurber's animal fables. The book should prove a find for seven- to ten-year-olds.

MISCHIEF IN FEZ, by Eleanor Hoffmann, illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg. Here is a book full of djinns—good djinns and wicked ones—who practice their mischief and magic in the Moroccan city of Fez and in particular plague the household of a rich and respectable judge. Surprisingly enough, a lovely gazelle is one of the Evil Ones and a little desert fox the good djinn, who, with the judge's son, helps save the day. A spirited, well-written fairy tale for the middle years of childhood and one which incidentally gives a colorful picture of life in Mohammedan Morocco.

STORIES OF THE WAR

WINGS FOR NIKIAS, by Josephine Blackstock, illustrated by Rafaello Busoni. A story about a Greek boy of today. It has charm and vigor and makes the happy, bucolic life in Greece before the days of the Axis invasion seem urgently worth restoring. When the enemy comes, Nikias, who had been a timid boy, has a chance to prove his innate courage. The author is skillful in showing how Nikias's inheritance of Greek legend and myth leads to his very modern interest in aviation.

WE'LL MEET IN ENGLAND, by Kitty Barne, illustrated by Steven Spurrier. Not so unusual as the author's delightful "Visitors from London" but nevertheless a well-written thriller for nine- to thirteen-year-olds, which tells of the escape of two children from Norway to England in a small sailboat. Nazi secret agents, Norwegian undercover work, a storm at sea, the rescue of a downed R.A.F. flier, and a lively and convincing set of Norwegian and British characters make absorbing reading.

STRUGGLE IS OUR BROTHER, by Gregor Felsen, illustrated by Woodi Ishmael. A grim but exciting story of the Nazi invasion of Russia. Mikhail is a half-grown boy guerrilla who, with others from his collective farm, lives and fights inside the enemy lines; it is Mikhail who sets off the charge which blows up a great Russian dam the Germans have captured. The book is rather too much the typical adventure story, but the hardships and courage it tells of are real indeed and may be inspiring to twelve- to fifteen-year-old readers.

OTHER STORIES OF TODAY

LITTLE NAVAJO BLUEBIRD, by Ann Nolan Clark, illustrated by Paul Lantz. An appealing and particularly well-written book about American Indians. It makes understandable not only the daily life but the thoughts and emotions of a little girl growing up today in a Navajo hogan: her pulls toward and revulsions from the white man's world, her final realization that she can still be a daughter of "the People" even though she goes away to government school and learns new, frightening, and modern ways. The Lantz pencil illustrations are authentic and completely in key. For seven- to ten-year-olds but well enough done to interest older children.

TWELVE MONTHS MAKE A YEAR, by Elizabeth Coatsworth, illustrated by Marguerite Davis. Another book about the imaginative children of "The Littlest House." It may prove rather too sweet and mild for those with fiery tastes, but is good in its creation of a recognizably real family and its recounting of the simple happenings which make up a happy childhood in a New England town today. For gentle little girls of seven to ten.

BANJO THE CROW, by Theodora DuBois, illustrated by Helen Torrey. Children should enjoy this story about a brother and sister who have the fun and the torment of owning a pet crow. The author writes well about family life in a suburb, and anyone who ever owned a pet crow will testify that every one of the exasperating Banjo's escapades could have happened.

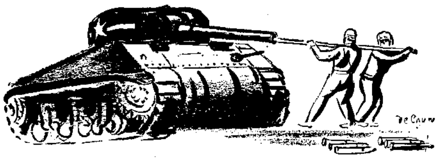
SPOTLIGHT FOR DANNY, by Lorraine and Jerrold Beim, illustrated by Corinne Malvern. A plausible story of an eleven-year-old boy who is chosen, almost by chance, to play an important rôle in a motion picture but who fails to make the grade as a star. The book may be useful in disillusioning movie-struck youngsters on the subjects of Hollywood glamour and child actors, and though no masterpiece, it is readable and full of common sense.

THE WELCOME, by Babette Deutsch, illustrated by Marc Simont. A first-rate story of public-school life, which has significance because it shows how New York City boys, intolerant at first of the strange ways of a young German refugee, can come to accept the forlorn boy as a friend. The author's portrait of an average, decent, and far from perfect young American of thirteen years is subtle and endearing.

STORIES FROM THE AMERICAN PAST

CHOOKY, written and illustrated by Lucille Wallower. A simple-hearted book for six- to eight-year-olds about a little Pennsylvania Dutch girl in the eighties who made a pet out of a lame baby chick. The story is pleasantly childlike and the setting is new in its picture of the life of a child whose parents were members of the Dunkard Church. Even though the Dunkards of the story "dressed plain," they lived gaily. Charming illustrations in color.

NATHAN'S DARK HOUSE, by Florence Bourgeois, illustrated by Ninon MacKnight. In Colonial New Jersey, which is the background for this brief, pleasing



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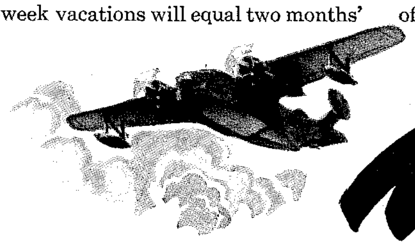

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book, only the big, rich houses had glass windows. The story tells how a Quaker farm boy managed to get windowpanes for his family's dark house. Interesting period detail, especially of early glassmaking, and many attractive pictures in color and black-and-white.

THE HOUSE BETWEEN, by Ethel Parton, illustrated by Margaret Platt. The sixth of Miss Parton's chronicles of old Newburyport is one of the liveliest of a favorite series, and her little girls of the eighteen-fifties are quite as merry as their nine- to thirteen-year-old readers of today. Nearly everything in the historical background is of interest, from the making of hair jewelry to the launching of Newburyport's great sailing ships. Good line-drawing illustrations.

THESE HAPPY GOLDEN YEARS, by Laura Ingalls Wilder, illustrated by Helen Sewell and Mildred Boyle. In this eighth and final volume of Mrs. Wilder's autobiographical stories, Laura Ingalls teaches her first school, at the age of fifteen and under cruelly hard circumstances, is courted by Almanzo Wilder each Sunday afternoon in sleigh or buggy while he breaks his colts to harness, and finally goes as a bride to her new two-room home on the prairie. Any boy or girl who has access to all the books in the series will be the richer for their first-hand record of pioneer life in the opening West and for their warm-hearted human values.

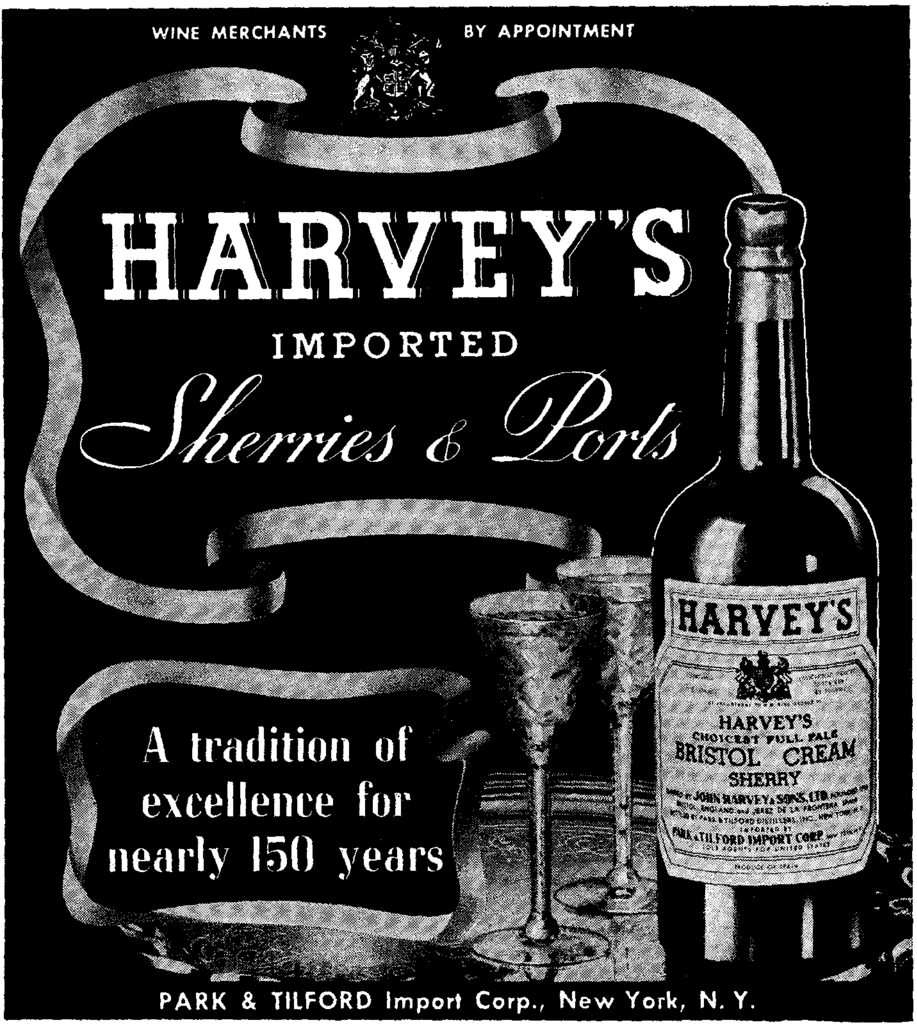
PATTERNS ON THE WALL, by Elizabeth Yates, decorations by Warren Chappell. The strange love story of a journeyman painter, one of the itinerant artists whose lovely stencils are still to be found on the walls of old New England farmhouses. His art came to be looked on as witchcraft by a New Hampshire community when he seemed to bring with him the fearful, killing cold and spotted fever of 1816. The book is a novel of distinctive quality for high-school age and one which is honest in reporting some of the superstitions and hardships of the American past.

FACTS, WITH PICTURES

THE TALE OF THE CROW, written and illustrated with photographs and drawings by Henry B. Kane. The fourth in Mr. Kane's fine natural-history series, "Wide World Tales." Amazing photographs of crows in the nest and in the forest (there is even one of a crow in a forest fire), combined with excellent text, make a book to interest anyone from seven to seventy.

THE STORY OF THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH, lithographs by C. H. De Witt, text by Ann Hark. Mr. De Witt has made some of his loveliest and most lovable lithographs for this big picture book, which tells the history of an American region and describes the character of its people. It is the fifth, and one of the best, in a series which must make American history and geography positively exciting to anyone under eleven.

TREE IN THE TRAIL, written and illustrated by Holling Clancy Holling. Mr. Holling wrote a unique regional geography in "Paddle-to-the-Sea;" his new volume treats regional history in equal-



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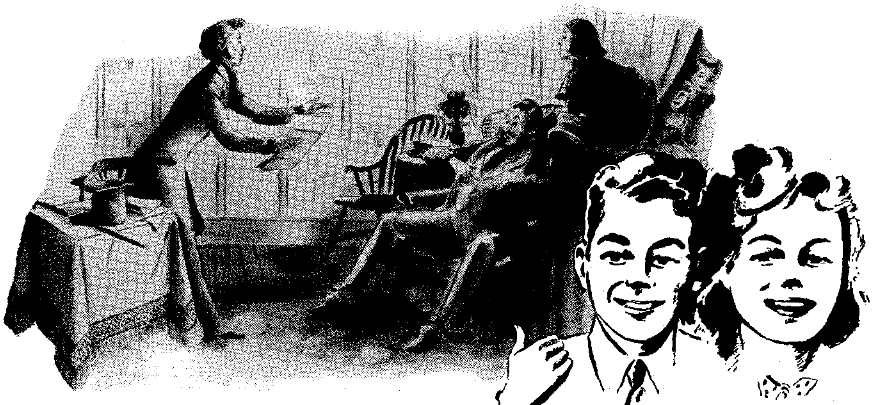

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Fun with Science, by Mae and Ira Freeman, illustrated with photographs. An admirable easy-science book and a handsome one, for the junior-high-school age group and younger. Clear photographs and text demonstrate experiments to explain the principles of physics. The experiments require no special equipment and the great thing is that they work and are fun. A book guaranteed to keep the home humming.

From Sea to Shining Sea, by James G. Dyett, illustrated with photographs. The best book yet of the many which have tried to answer the questions: What is America? What is democracy? Well-selected photographs and good running text really give the feel of the American way of life and of the principles we are fighting for.

Here Is Alaska, by Evelyn Stefansson, with a foreword by Vilhjalmur Stefansson and photographs by Frederick Machetanz and others. Machetanz's superb photographs of a part of America of timely interest to all of us make this a de-luxe volume. Mrs. Stefansson's facts, many of them new, all authoritative and interesting, are presented in a slightly dry and textbook manner. Recommended, nevertheless, for readers of high-school age.

Biographies

Thomas Jefferson, written and illustrated by Hendrik Willem van Loon. There have been other lives of Jefferson for young people which were more detailed and probably more accurate, but none which, in such short space, so vividly places Jefferson in relation to his own time and to ours or which so humanly sums up the enduring qualities of the great democrat. It is written with typical van Loon unconventionality and emotion, and there are dozens of pictures in the master's well-known style. For ten- to fourteen-year-olds.

Noah Webster, Father of the Dictionary, by Isabel Proudfit, illustrated by I. B. Hazelton. Of the two great Websters, the many-sided Noah is the one less known, and this story of the dictionary man should prove absorbing reading to children of high-school age and younger. Written with considerable biographic skill, it tells of a farm boy who worked his way through Yale between battles of the Revolution and devoted his later life to American education by teaching, writing textbooks, and compiling the first American dictionary. But before he could afford to write books, Noah had to ride on horseback through the states to get copyright laws put through.

Man of Molokai, The Life of Father Damien, by Ann Roos, illustrated by Raymond Lufkin. Father Damien, who gave his life for the lepers of the Hawaiian Islands, makes a dramatic and

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inspiring subject for juvenile biography. His story is here told with feeling and in well-written prose. Considerable emphasis is placed on his spiritual and Catholic background and the dissensions of the priest's later years are muted. The book would have benefited by a postscript on modern medical progress in the care of lepers, a work for which the unscientific Father Damien was indirectly responsible.

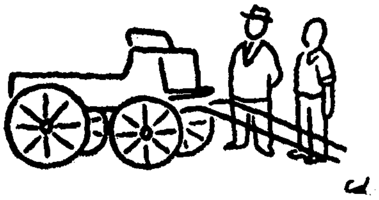
Lays of the New Land: Stories of Some American Poets and Their Work, by Charlie May Simon, illustrated by James MacDonald. Mrs. Simon writes informally about the lives and the poetry of seventeen American poets, from Bryant to Stephen Benét, interlarding her text with generous selections from each poet's work. The poems are aptly chosen to interest young readers and none are included just because children *ought* to know them. Half the volume is devoted to poets who have written since 1900, which has the happy effect of making poets and poetry seem near at hand and understandable.

Stormy Victory, The Story of Tchaikovsky, by Claire Lee Purdy, with decorations by Vera Bock. A story life of the composer which successfully presents for teen-age readers the difficulties of a rather morbid man for whom neither his personal life nor his life as an artist ran at all smoothly. The Russia of the period comes to life, the sources of Tchaikovsky's musical inspiration are traced and his major compositions described. Numerous musical excerpts are given, and this music, which is hand-drawn, together with the Bock decorations and generous-sized pages, makes the book a handsome one.

BRIEF mention should be made of some of the many books on specialized subjects:

Gardens

"Very First Garden," by Dorothea Gould, pictures by Elizabeth Ripley. Directions for the infant Victory gardener who is apparently to be allowed to grow a few flowers too.... Also for the very young, a graphic and amusing first book about plants and how they grow—"Up Above and Down Below," written and illustrated by Irma E. Webber.... "Warm Earth," written and illustrated by Dorothy Waugh. A book of lovely and accurate pencil drawings to illustrate a brief text on what happens underground to make things grow.... "Spice and Scent," written and illustrated by Lee Maril. Stories, pictures, and descriptions of fifteen of the better-known herbs, with directions for cultivating and using them—an attractive book for a special sort of child.... "American Garden Flowers," by Gladys Lynwall Pratt, illustrated by Rudolph Freund. A big book of fine color



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plates and interesting information about sixty-nine garden flowers.

AVIATION

"America's Fighting Planes in Action," text and illustrations by Reed Kinert. Action pictures in color and wash of all the United States military planes now in use, with explanatory text, make a book to interest plane spotters as well as future fliers.... "Young America's Aviation Annual, 1942-43," edited by Frederick P. Graham and Reginald M. Cleveland, illustrated with photographs—all the new developments in aeronautics.... "Building Model War Planes for the Army and the Navy," by Emanuele Stieri, with diagrams, photographs, instructions, and a supplement giving sixty full-size patterns. A manual sponsored by the United States Office of Education and invaluable to the many boys now making model airplanes for the Army and Navy.... "Air Navigation," by Herbert S. Zim, drawings by James MacDonald, also photographs. A pre-Air Forces introduction to the complex science of aerial navigation.... "Glenn Curtiss, Pioneer of Naval Aviation," by Alden Hatch, with photographs. A story life of an interesting figure in the history of aviation.... "Bombardier," by Henry B. Lent, illustrated with photographs—a book for boys under twelve which, in fiction form, covers the ground of Steinbeck's "Bombs Away!"

SINGING

"Songs of American Folks," by Satis N. Coleman and Adolph Bregman, illustrated by Alanson Hewes. An interesting collection of American folk songs, with words and musical arrangements of forty-seven songs, only a few of them familiar.... "We Sing," edited by Theresa Armitage, Peter W. Dykema, and Gladys Pitcher. Songs from all over the world, of the hearty sort which are fun to sing in school or around the home piano (ask for the newer edition with paper covers, which gives accompaniments as well as the words and melodies of the earlier edition).... "Stories from the Great Metropolitan Operas," by Helen Dike, illustrated by Gustaf Tenggren. A lavish guide for beginning operagoers which tells the story, scene by scene, of twenty-five operas in the Metropolitan's repertoire, gives the music of the important arias and motives, and decorates the whole with Tenggren's brilliant pictures in color and black-and-white.

NOTE: "The Complete Nonsense Book," a volume containing all of Edward Lear's nonsense verse and pictures, which was published in England in 1912 in an edition edited by Lady Strachey and with a preface by Lear's friend the Earl of Cromer, has been reprinted. Everything is here in one not too big book: the songs, the stories, the limericks, the nonsense alphabets and botany, together with illustrated letters and other material not generally known. —K. S. W.

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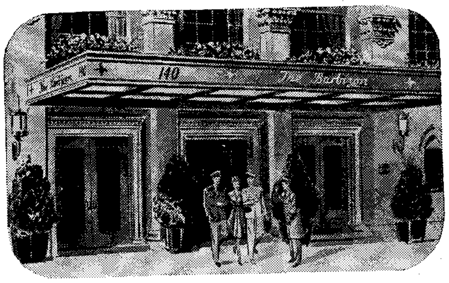
NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Washington Post*]

"No," says she in that curious, quick little way she has of making R's sound like W's.



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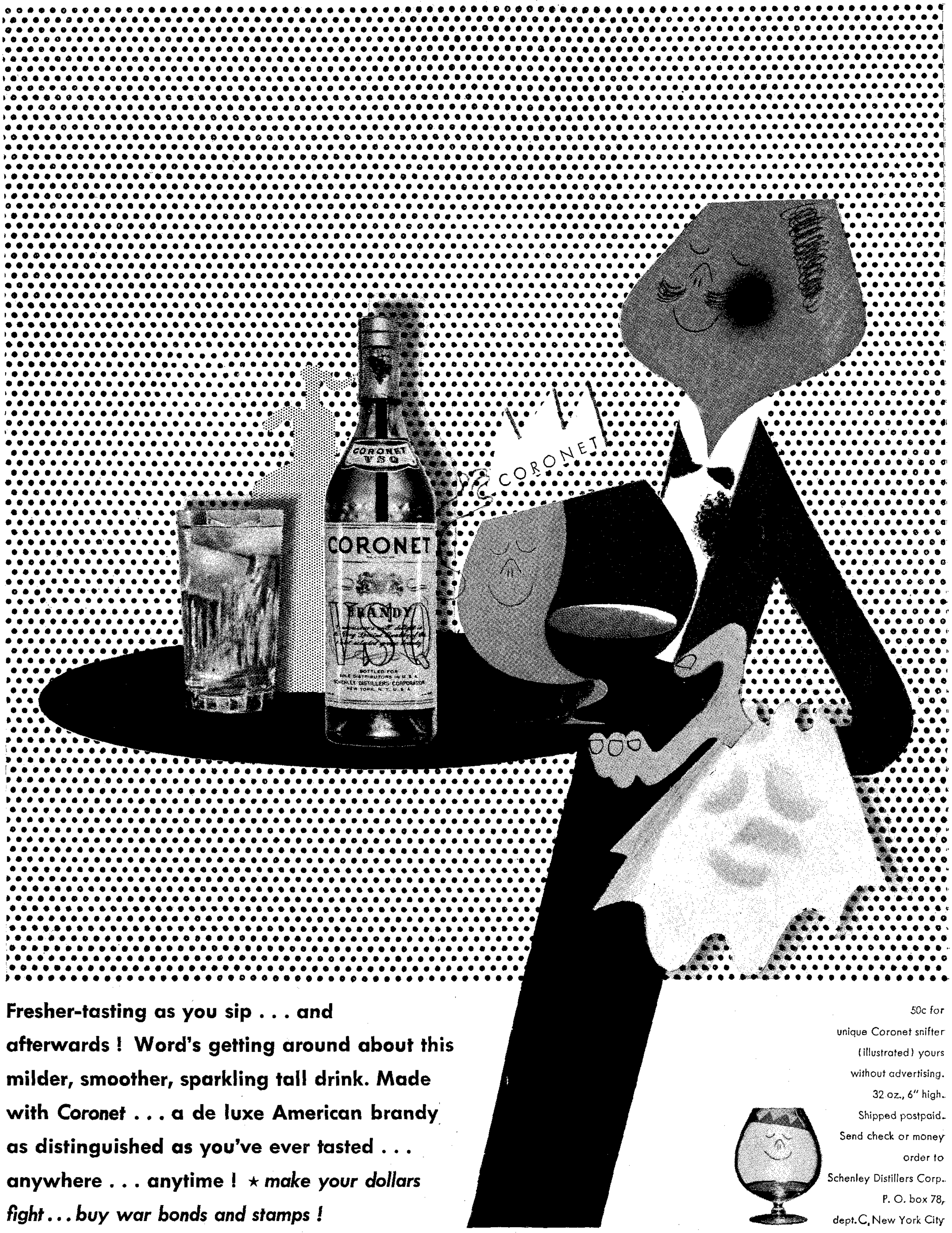
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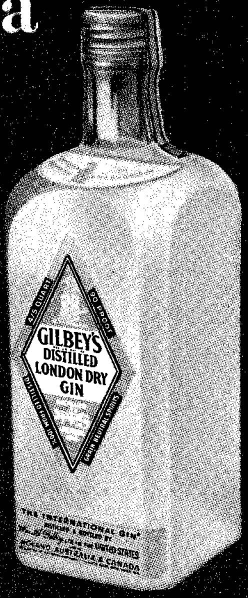
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